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Chief Police Commissioner Monro attended with Colonel Monsell at the Stoke Newington Police-Station on Sept. 12, and in the presence of over 100 constables of the N Division, with Chief Superintendent Sherlock, his deputy (Inspector Parsons), sixteen sergeants, and eight inspectors, presented the Royal Humane Society's certificate and medal to Police-Constable 461 N (Jesse Gowers) for saving life. On June 15 last, at nine in the morning, a child, aged six, fell into Enfield Lock, and the constable, without taking off his coat, dived in and saved it. Mr. Monro, in a happy speech, said they were met to do honour to one of their number who had displayed exceptional courage and bravery. The company gave cheers for the recipient, for Mr. Monro, Colonel Monsell, and Superintendent Sherlock.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the EDITOR of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

"The Cardinal."

No one in the East-End calls him anything else; and I don't suppose that he objects to the title. "Good Old Cardinal" is the variation, and the Grand Old Man is another. Perhaps the last is the most appropriate. I have always thought there were a good many points of resemblance between Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning. The subtle mind, the simplicity and austerity of character and morals, the tireless body, the enthusiasm of humanity, the passion for work, the dignity of bearing, are common to both men. So, too, is the capacity for moving their fellows, and exciting that mysterious impression of awe and respect which great personalities are able to convey. One of the strike leaders was giving me an account of a memorable speech made by the Cardinal to the strikers at the Catholic school at Poplar. It was after the rejection of the Mansion House compromise, when things looked very black indeed, and the men were very resolute. The Cardinal proposed Nov. 4 as a compromise, and, after a hard struggle, went back to the Mansion House as the authorised messenger of peace on the new terms. But nearly all through his speech—until he came to the peroration—he had his audience against him. His closing words were a personal appeal, touched with a kind of mystic fervour which well became the ascetic figure, the severe lines of the emaciated face with the deep-set eyes, and the long ecclesiastical garb. At that moment the setting sun broke through the window, and made a kind of aureole for the old man's face, finally resting on the altar behind him. It was an unrehearsed effect—a touch of unintentional drama—but it produced a sensation. Two of the members of the Strike Committee burst into tears. And the Cardinal carried his point.

His Public Work.

The Cardinal is, indeed, a typical specimen of the great Roman ecclesiastic at his very best—a kind of Anselm faintly crossed with Hildebrand. An ascetic—eating meat but rarely, and never more than once a day, and a rigid water-drinker, the Cardinal is still far from being a mere student and recluse. He is essentially a man of affairs. Without being of the world he is never far away from it. He is in constant relations with the Irish Party, and during the Session you see his tall straight form, crowned by the set white face, gliding spectre-like through the Lobby or in close conference with one of Mr. Parnell's followers. Not that the Cardinal confines his attention to the Irishmen. He has friends among all parties, and his progress through the Lobby is always a signal for a general lifting of hats and bowing of heads. By a strange chance, almost the last time he crossed the mosaic pavement he met Mr. Gladstone, who is very rarely seen there. The two men—associates and even friends of half a century—passed each other without notice—a purely accidental omission, for they are good friends. On one point, however, Cardinal Manning is evidently anti-Liberal, and that is on education. Denominational education is one of his strong points, and it was his influence which carried the votes of the Irish party over the Technical Instruction Bill. Personally, a delightful suavity of manner—which constitutes a curious contrast to the Bishop of London, who is notoriously abrupt in his address—is one of his most charming characteristics. If he lives, and Leo XIII. dies within the next few months, it is quite possible that he may be Pope. With all his popular leanings, he still ranks as an Ultramontane. But he is a saintly creature, and if he had ten more years of life to his credit might fairly rank as the great Catholic figure of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately he is—again like Mr. Gladstone—liable to sudden fits of prostration, incapacitating him for work, and causing the greatest alarm among his friends and household, who are deeply attached to him.

Bishop Mackarness.

So the former Bishop of Oxford is dead. He was not a great Bishop, like Wilberforce, the "Soapy Sam" of hundreds of good stories, and undoubtedly one of the most interesting men of his generation. But he had great dignity of manner and appearance, and was an ecclesiastic of some character. He was a High Churchman, and was the hero of the well-known Clewer case. But what I chiefly remember him for was his refusal to allow the heretic Bishop of Natal to preach in St. Mary's. Bishop Colenso was then a very popular figure in Oxford, and the undergraduate world, and for that matter the Liberal graduate world as well, rang in anger at the Bishop's action. The end of the business was that Colenso was promptly taken in by the Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett, and preached in Balliol Chapel. Oxford bookshops were full of cartoons on the business—one showing Colenso sternly repulsed by the Bishop, and in another received with open hands by the cherubic-looking Jowett.

"The Master of Balliol."

Dr. Jowett is one of the characters of Oxford, as well as one of the leading spirits of his time. During his mastership, Balliol has been the headquarters of the Broad Church movement in its later and freer developments. Idolised by his college, the hero of a hundred stories, this fascinating if slightly eccentric personality seems an indissoluble part of modern Oxford. What it would be without him, one shudders even to think. His quick, jerky way of talking, his round rosy face, his ambling kind of walk, his kindness, his habit of keeping silence for hours together in uncongenial society and of then flashing out in some rather cruel little epigram, have been noted over and over again. Prigs, humbugs, and conceited bores are his abhorrence, and sometimes, too, he is down on the simply dull man as well. There is a story, for instance, of his taking an undergraduate out for a long walk. The young man made one monumental remark about the weather, which was not replied to, and the terrified "undergrad." relapsed into silence. At the end of the walk "the master" held out his hand to his companion, "Good morning, Mr. ——. Very insipid remark of yours about the weather." But Jowett is not always and not often as cruel as this. His kindness is unbounded, and so is his hospitality. His house has for years been the gathering-ground of enlightened thought of all varieties. Everybody seems to know him, and everybody delights to stay with him. I well remember the last time I was in Balliol Chapel. Opposite me were standing two gaunt figures, an elderly man and woman. The taller of the two was "George Eliot," the stouter, George Henry Lewes. Of course Jowett has had his enemies, and the "orthodox orthodox, who believe in John Knox," have made unceasing war on the undaunted little heretic of Balliol. But he has withstood all the storms that have beaten on his head, and all scholars, at all events, unite in admiration of the man who has added a great classic to the language in his translation of Plato's "Republic." Professor Jowett, though a non-politician, has long been a moderate Liberal, and is, I think, a Unionist.

Mr. Ritchie.

There is a good deal of talk just now of contesting Mr. Ritchie's seat in St. George's-in-the-East. Mr. Burns has been mentioned as one candidate, and a well-known Free-Church parson as another. I fancy, however, Mr. Ritchie is too firmly seated for displacement. He has worked the constituency well, and is popular. Whatever happened to him, however, his place in his own party is assured. I am not at all sure that when Lord Salisbury goes the difficulty of settling the rival claims of Mr. Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill will not be got over by making Mr. Ritchie pro.-tem. leader of the Conservative Party. He would do very well for the post. He is a level-headed man, with a good business training, a fair voice, an impressive manner, and an excellent Parliamentary presence—a little heavy, perhaps; but that is in the House-of-Commons line. He has a touch of dark blood in his composition; but there is nothing like Southern passion about his manner or his political record. His great quality is tact, and in this he rather resembles one of his predecessors at the Local Government Board. Sir Charles Dilke was perhaps the most tactful man that ever sat in the House of Commons, the result being that his Bills always went through the House twice as quick as those of any other man, and at least six times as quick as Mr. Chamberlain's, who, with all his talents, never had an ounce of tact. Just as Sir Charles Dilke succeeded with his Redistribution Bill, so Mr. Ritchie has succeeded with his Local Government Bill—a measure which might have been wrecked over and over again by bad piloting. He will probably have another big business next year or the year after, in a District Councils Bill, that he is quite fitted to carry. For the rest, he is a Tory of the Peelite school, moderate and progressive. He is not a remarkable politician, but he is an able man, and has a future before him.

John Leng.

If Mr. Leng gets in for Dundee, the newspaper proprietary interest will have another recruit. Mr. Leng is stouter than he used to be, but he is still a vigorous man. His life-work has been to build up one of the most magnificent newspaper properties in the United Kingdom. The *Dundee Advertiser*, the *People's Journal* (circulating 200,000 a week), the *People's Friend*, and the *Evening Telegraph* are all monuments of his organising ability, and the offices in which the work is done are, perhaps, the most splendid newspaper establishments (after Printing-House-square) in Great Britain. Mr. Leng is a kindly gentleman, a philanthropist, and an enthusiast for town work. By-the-way, the proprietor of another great Scottish paper—the *Glasgow Mail*—Dr. Cameron, is already in Parliament, and so is an ex-editor of the *Scotsman*.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

ANOTHER NIAGARA FEAT.

BARON REUTER'S Toronto agent informed us on Monday that last Sunday afternoon a man named Walter Campbell, from Youngstown, New York State, swam through the whirlpool rapids below Niagara Falls, clad in a cork jacket. He performed the feat in safety and landed at Lewiston, some five miles below the Suspension Bridge, apparently little the worse for his adventure. Campbell, on starting, was accompanied by a dog, which, however, was supposed to be drowned.

There are no less than five Parliamentary election contests pending. In the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire Mr. Chaplin, Conservative, is opposed by Mr. Otter, Gladstonian. In North Buckinghamshire the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard, Conservative, is opposed by Captain Verney, Gladstonian. At Peterborough, Mr. A. C. Morton, Gladstonian, is at present unopposed. In Elgin and Nairn, Mr. Seymour Keay, Gladstonian, is opposed by Mr. Logan, Conservative; and at Dundee, Mr. Leng, Gladstonian, has at present no opponent.

During the night of the 12th inst. an alarming collision occurred about thirty miles off Holyhead between the London and North-Western Railway Company's passenger-steamer Banshee, returning from Dublin, and the same company's cargo-boat Irene, from Holyhead to Greenore. There was a dense fog at the time. The Banshee was severely damaged, but, accompanied by the Irene, she was able to reach Holyhead five hours late. But for the splendid discipline on each boat an appalling calamity would have been inevitable, as there were nearly 500 passengers on the Banshee.

After having been remanded on several occasions Leonard Bowes Handford was, at Marylebone, finally committed for trial, charged with shooting his wife and mother-in-law with intent to murder them, at Kilburn, and also with shooting himself.

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, the valuable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

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"An ingenious resident in Islington is providing ladies and gentlemen whose cheeks are hollow with face-pads now have rounded cheeks like a cherub's. A pair of pads costs something like £5."—*Pall Mall Gazette.* So they can

The Ladies Skinflint at Shrimpington-on-Sea could only afford one pair between them. Viewed from the side it was everything that could be desired; but the front view rather spoilt the charm.

THE LATEST FASHION: MAKING FACES.

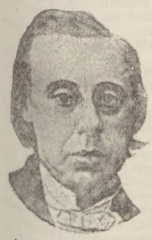
FACTS AND FACES.

Mr. Irving's "Dead Heart."

THE London dramatic season has begun in grim earnest. I say "grim" advisedly. The newest plays are generally characterised by a seriousness which will certainly not be broken by the weirdly powerful old Adelphi melodrama of "The Dead Heart," which Mr. Henry Irving will revive on a scale of true Lyceum grandeur on Saturday, the 28th inst. All who retain a vivid recollection of the late Benjamin Webster's singularly powerful creation of Robert Landry, the victim of the Bastille (his white face haunts me still), will be curious to see Mr. Irving in the same grand part. Additional points of interest in the Lyceum revival will be the Catherine Duval of Ellen Terry and the Abbé Latour of Mr. Bancroft. Scenery and costumes will be exquisite. As a picture of the Reign of the French Revolution, "The Dead Heart" will, I am told, be as historically accurate as Mr. Irving, most artistic of managers, can make it.

The Rev. Thomas T. Lynch.

I am glad to be reminded by the gift of a little book entitled "Gatherings from Notes of Discourses by the late T. T. Lynch" (James Clarke and Co.) that that eminent divine has in no way lost his hold upon the present generation. The volume is a collection of eloquent extracts from Mr. Lynch's sermons, which a lady who heard him regularly and admired him deeply has collected from her own notes.



"The Rivulet."

Mr. Lynch was born at Dunmow, in Essex—of Flitch of Bacon fame—in 1818. He attained some measure of note by the publication of a little volume of poems called "The Rivulet," of which the *Morning Advertiser* declared that nearly the whole of the hymns might have been written by a Deist, and a very large portion might be sung by a congregation of Freethinkers." These verses, which have now found their way into the hymnologies of nearly all the churches, were described at the time as "quintessence of absurdity," "miserable stuff," "drivelling doggerel," and the like. The author had, till his death in 1871, an appreciative congregation at Mornington Church, Hampstead-road. His winning manners, his extraordinary eloquence, and his profoundly poetic style won him the reverent love of not a few who are still living to mourn his loss.

St. Wilfred's Needle.

I was at Ripon last week, and went to see the cathedral presided over by Dr. Carpenter. A most striking superstition is allowed to have free play in this church. There is, as some of my readers know, a far-famed Saxon crypt, commonly called "St. Wilfred's Needle." After going down a narrow and inconvenient passage of 45 ft. from the nave, one finds oneself in a cell some 8 ft. by 11 ft. The "Needle" is a hole in the wall 13 in. wide and 18 in. high.

"Threading the Needle."

Camden, the historian, mentions the "Needle," and tells us that even within memory of the Reformation females were drawn through the needle as an ordeal of their chastity, the culprit being miraculously detained. "They prick their credits that cannot thread the needle," says quaint Fuller. Now-a-days, the tradition has changed its form, and it is commonly stated that a woman who passes through the "needle" will find a husband within the year. The consequence is that hundreds of unmarried ladies struggle through the aperture. I dare not say how many the verger told me he had assisted through in a single month—some of them fat and forty. Three or four visitors squeezed through, giggling and laughing, but, perhaps, in their hearts hoping and sighing, while I was there. "I wonder," said a learned London Professor to me, "that the Bishop allows this irreverent feeling." But after all, perhaps, there is something to be said for the poor creatures, although the contrast with the early asceticism which the same church has witnessed is very marked.

Never Say Die.

The Bishop of Ripon is one of the most youthful and boyish-looking of men; but his colleague the Dean is even more remarkable. He is a lively youth of eighty-two. A week or so ago, on his eighty-second birthday, he was thrown out of his phaeton, both the shafts of which were smashed. The Dean got up, like the active old boy he is, and was driven to the Deanery in a dogcart. By the way, there is some talk of Dr. Boyd Carpenter being transferred to Winchester in the event of Bishop Browne's resignation.

Madame Christine Nilsson

has suffered much of late with rheumatic gout. It is supposed that the hard life the famous vocalist led in youth laid the foundation of this painful ailment. Madame Patti was literally cradled in music, but Madame Christine Nilsson had to fight "the battle of life." She was born at Wederslöf, near Wexiö, in Sweden, in 1843, and as a child was acquainted with poverty in its severest forms. As a street singer and performer on the violin and flute, the future prima donna helped out the scanty income of her impoverished parents; and frequently her charming silvery tones and her cleverness with the violin attracted much attention.

Madame Nilsson's First Friend,

and best, as events proved, was a gentleman named Törnerhjelm, a musical amateur, who was so charmed with her voice that he determined it should be properly cultivated; and at Halmstadt, when she was fourteen years of age, her first musical studies began. Then she went to Stockholm, and finally to Paris, where, in 1864, she appeared in "La Traviata" with triumphant success. Three years later, she came to London. But from the date of her first appearance in Paris her fame ever increased. Marrying, in 1872, M. Rouzeaud, the banker, the popular prima donna had great troubles; for her husband lost a splendid fortune, and, through distress of mind, became insane, and died in a melancholy condition.

She much resembled Jenny Lind

in her voice and style in her earlier career. But in some characters her individuality gave an exquisite charm. For example, in Gounod's "Faust" her Marguerite has never been equalled, and in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" Her Ophelia was an inspiration, such an ethereal effect did her voice, appearance, and singing impart to the character. It is gratifying to know that spite of her heavy losses Madame Nilsson still possesses an ample fortune. In Paris she lives like a Princess, and enjoys the friendship of the most famous and exalted personages. She never forgets the hardships of her own youth, and is generous in the extreme to artists who are unfortunate.

The Shakspere Memorial Librarian

at Stratford-on-Avon is the right man in the right place. Mr. A. H. Wall, an erudite writer on the London Press of wide experience, must be quite in his element in this interesting post. He loves books, but is in no sense a book-worm. Suave and genial, Mr. Wall is the very man to do the honours of the Shakspere Memorial to distinguished visitors to Shakspere's birthplace. Since his return from a journalistic mission to Australia, Mr. Wall's ample fair beard is greyer than it was; but a sojourn in the congenial shade of Stratford-on-Avon will doubtless rejuvenate him.

To Men about to Marry—

(no; I am not going to quote *Punch*'s trite advice). To men about to marry I would simply say, Read "Artists' Wives," by M. Alphonse Daudet. Routledge's charmingly illustrated translation of this clever book should prove a timely eye-opener to English Benedicks. I will only offer one point of criticism on M. Daudet's biting satire. If it be ever justifiable to address the fair sex in the language of Sir Walter Scott—

> O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made—

M. Alphonse Daudet should have remembered the saving clause—

> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou.

THE PROMPTER.

A TRANSPARENT UMBRELLA.

UMBRELLA-MAKING (says *Ironmongery*) is among the most interesting of Birmingham industries. Although probably not more than 1000 hands are employed, something like 1000 patents have been taken out during the last twenty years. The most recent inventor, who, if successful, will eclipse all rivals, is a maker who claims to have contrived a transparent umbrella, which, while being equally waterproof as silks and alpacas, will have the great advantage of allowing the wayfarer in a rain-storm to avoid collisions with lamp-posts and other obstacles along the way.

The Lord Mayor has consented to read a paper on "Homestead Orchards" to the members of the Kendal Agricultural Society shortly after the completion of his Mayoralty.

HARVEST HOME OF MR. HENRY CHAPLIN, FIRST MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

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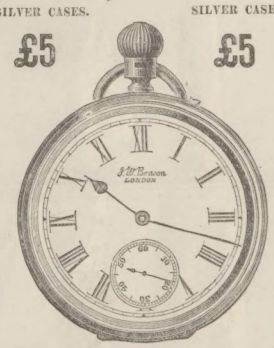

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BENSON'S CLUBS. Application for Agencies invited.

THE QUEEN'S RESPECT FOR HER SERVANTS.

THE remains of the late Mr. Edmond Heale, recently clerk-comptroller of her Majesty's Kitchen, were interred last Monday afternoon at Brompton Cemetery. The Queen (who was represented by Major-General Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Royal Household) sent a pretty chaplet of white flowers and foliage, the dedicatory card bearing the inscription, "A mark of sincere regard from Queen Victoria." Princess Beatrice contributed a wreath of heather blooms, and the coffin was covered with other floral offerings. Her Majesty having expressed a wish that all the members of the Royal household "who were able to be present should attend the funeral," the body was met at the cemetery chapel and followed to the grave by Sir John Cowell, Mr. Courroux (of the Board of Green Cloth), Mr. Lloyd, clerk-comptroller in the Lord Steward's department, and the principal servants of the Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle establishments.

The Death is reported of **Lieutenant J. D. Perkins**, of the 14th Bengal Lancers, through a collision and fall while playing polo at Sialkote, Punjaub.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK'S visit to Arkinstall was, of course, no surprise to the latter. A man so badgered by contending emotions of the keenest kind has his excuses for brusquerie, even for brutality, and the old man's interview with Dick was extremely painful to both parties. The latter had already seen Ralph, and had received his solemn asseveration of the untruth of the charge brought against him. He had naturally had little need of it, to put himself heart and soul on his brother's side. His interview with the prosecutor did nobody any good. Dick lost his temper, and used strong language in his brotherly indignation, and Arkinstall hardened his heart, and was more than ever determined to let things take their course.

"It's out of my hands now," he said finally. "I couldn't stop the prosecution if I would. And if I could I wouldn't. I'm sorry for you, Dick, my lad. I've always liked you. You're a good fellow, and I think none the worse of you for sticking to your brother and fighting his battle."

As a matter of course, since Ralph's appearance in the dock of Becksford Police-Court the affair became public property, and took its place as an interesting topic of general conversation. The gossiping order of journals fixed an eager hold on it, and the principal performers in this curious social drama had more than enough of notice and comment in their columns. Elsie's name was never mentioned openly, but the interest she furnished was too piquant to be ignored, and if she had read the journals in question she would have had cause for astonishment, and perhaps for less agreeable sensations, in the plenitude of information with which they regaled their readers concerning her. One imaginative paragrapher stretched her upon a bed of sickness from which, according to the best medical advisers, there was little chance of her rising. Another stated that she had retired from the world within the walls of a convent. A third hinted mysteriously that the prosecution would be abandoned in consequence of her father's discovery that she was already secretly married to the alleged criminal. Altogether, the eminent financier, and his fair daughter, and the young scion of an old house which had its seat not a hundred miles from London became three standing dishes of the journalistic menu, and were served up hot and hot at all hours, with all varieties of sauce known to the gossiping cuisine.

On his temporary release after his appearance in the dock at Becksford, Ralph had accepted, with some unwillingness, Dick's pressing invitation to go and share the latter's chambers in the Temple. For the first few days of his conditional liberty he went nowhere, and saw nobody but Dick, and idled with a savage listlessness through the interminable hours, made doubly wearisome by enforced idleness following on the last few weeks of constant occupation. He kept his promise of leaving Elsie unmolested; but on the night after his release the girl, looking from her bedroom window on to the moonlit street, saw a figure standing opposite the house, and recognised it as Ralph's. The light of a neighbouring gaslamp fell full upon his upturned face, and Elsie could see how lined and haggard it had grown, and as he moved away, with downcast head, caught the gesture with which he brushed his hand across his eyes. She passed a sleepless night in tears, and carried to her morning's work of charity a heart perhaps as sore as any to which her pity gave a fleeting gleam of comfort.

It was some days before Ralph spoke her name even to Dick. Their companionship was not a cheerful one, for his brother's unfaltering faith in his innocence pricked the criminal's conscience, and kept alive a gnawing sense of shame. Had his passion been one whit less strong he would have run away from that constant torture a dozen times a day; but black as the prospect looked, and empty as it was of any gleam of comfort, he held his ground, and waited with a sick and dogged courage.

"It will all come right, old man," Dick would say cheerily, with a pat on his shoulder. He tried to persuade Ralph to chase his gloomy thoughts by exercise and recreation, but unsuccessfully. One evening he brought up two or three good fellows and proposed a card party, but Ralph retreated savagely to his bed-room, and would take no part in their jollity.

"You didn't see Elsie when you went to Arkinstall's?" he asked suddenly one day, breaking silence for the first time for some hours.

"No," answered Dick. "I haven't seen her at all since I met her in Bermondsey."

"In Bermondsey!" Dick was scraping a briar pipe, preparatory to filling it, and was bending over the fireplace with his back towards his brother, so that he did not remark the start and the sudden pallor with which Ralph heard the word.

"Yes," he answered, "that was where I met her."

"What, in the name of wonder, was she doing in Bermondsey?"

All that Elsie's presence in that place *might* mean to him so rushed upon his mind at once that he was dazed, and scarcely conscious of his surroundings. It seemed to him as if a long space of time had passed between Dick's mention of the place and his own startled query, but he awoke from his brief trance of horrified amazement to find Dick still scraping the pipe.

"Why," said the latter, speaking slowly as he crammed the tobacco into the bowl, "she's taken to district-visiting. Old Bamber's curate at St. Margaret's, down there. You remember Bamber, don't you—Fatty Bamber, at Rugby? He's engaged to an old schoolfellow of Elsie's. Queer, isn't it? What a very small place the world is, after all! Why, my dear boy, what's the matter with you?"

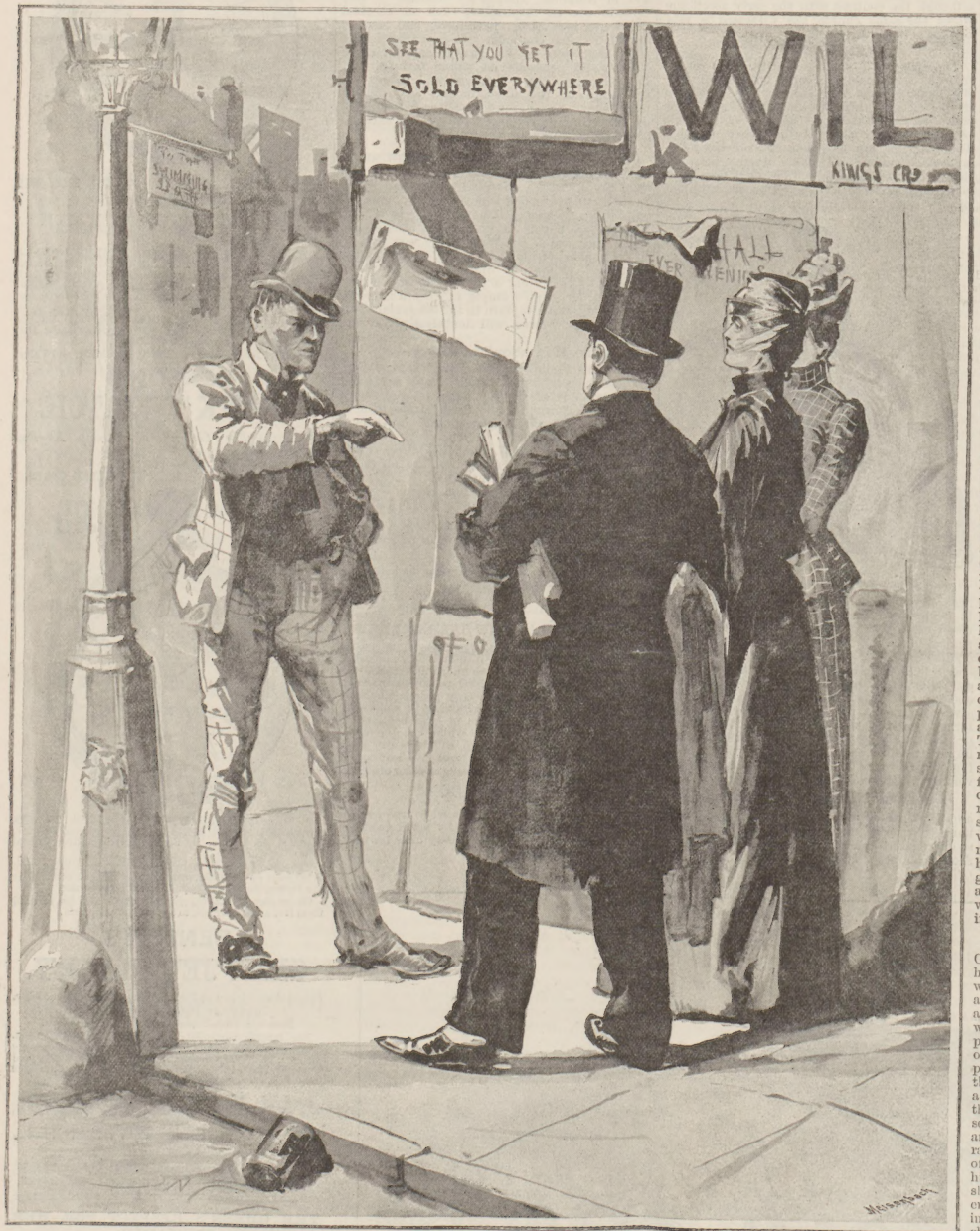
Ralph was standing in the centre of the room, holding his temples in both hands, and glaring at his brother as if speechless with some sudden and bewildering pain. He mechanically obeyed the touch of Dick's hand, and sat down in a chair the latter had set for him.

"It's nothing," he said faintly. "It will pass in a moment."

Dick stood over him in great concern, while he sat staring at the floor. Bamber, curate of St. Margaret's! Then he was Stasie's friend, the man who had paid her for playing at the church concert. And he knew Elsie, and was taking her about Bermondsey with him. No wonder that the news had made him sick and faint.

"D—n it, I'm all right!" he snarled at his brother's reiterated questions and expressions of sympathy, which jarred on his already disordered senses, and kept him from thinking of this sudden and appalling complication. Elsie and his wife seemed in imminent danger of coming together, and the possible results of such a meeting were death to the hopes which he had already followed beyond the verge of crime. Till now his marriage with Elsie, criminal and desperate enterprise as it would be, had looked feasible. Buried in Bermondsey, Stasie would never hear of it. She never opened a newspaper, and the whole chapter of chances was against her ever hearing of the gigantic wrong Ralph contemplated. Michael's appearance at Becksford had shaken that certainty, but his cupidity and cowardice had made dealings with him fairly easy, and, though he would infallibly develop into a horrible nuisance when once the marriage was completed and his hold on Ralph assured, he might still be borne with. Stasie and her unwitting rival *might* meet and meet again, and no harm come of it. Stasie did not talk. She was loyal to Ralph's desire of secrecy, and so long as he inflicted upon her no worse wrong than neglect and desertion might be blindly trusted never to claim her rights by so much as a word. But between that ultra-wifely submission and the actual criminal cowardice of bastardising her child, rendering herself a nameless outcast, and permitting her husband's marriage with a young and confiding girl, there was a great gulf fixed. The marriage once an accomplished fact, she might submit. Ralph had shadowily and vaguely sketched the possibility of his finding himself forced by some as yet unforeseen turn of fate to confess his bigamy to his wife, and believed that rather than bring him to the punishment he deserved Stasie would efface herself. He had been willing to take that risk too. There was no madness to which his unbridled passion would not have carried him. And now, after Dick had gone, he sat with bent brows, and knitted fingers, and staring eyes, vainly demanding of his bewildered brain by what new crime he might buy impunity for that on which his soul was set.

The Reverend Theophilus, though of High Church tendencies, and understood to combat his leaning towards obesity by frequent fasts, was no great teacher of the stoic philosophy among his flock. Indeed, he would have been a very uncompromising theorician indeed who would seek to curtail the already pitifully narrow pleasures of the average denizen of that quarter of Bermondsey in which Mr. Bamber's work principally lay. His practice was altogether to the contrary, and he held the doctrine—not a very amazing one to the ordinary intellect, though there is a large order of minds which seems to find it so—that a little physical comfort and an occasional spice of mental recreation rather help than hinder the spread of the Gospel of Peace and Good Will among men. Besides his meagre salary, a goodly portion of his own slight patrimony was annually spent in little enterprises having for their object the bodily and intellectual improvement of his parishioners—children's teas, magic-lantern and conjuring entertainments, and the like. On one occasion he had gone so far as to perform at a church concert upon the flute, of which instrument he was an assiduous amateur. His audience, previously fortified by buns and tea at his cost, stood the infliction nobly; and, either from lack of critical acumen or—which is the more charitable supposition—from gratitude to the giver of the feast, uproariously encored him. But the satisfaction of the good little man, who, if modesty and simplicity of heart were the best helps up the hierarchical ladder, would be an archbishop by now, was doomed to be short-lived. Bermondsey is not a stronghold of religious feeling of any kind, but the majority of its inhabitants who take any interest in things spiritual are dissenters of the sourest sort, and in their hands Theophilus's flute became a terrible weapon against his peace of mind. They classed it with the candles he had introduced upon the altar of his church and the cut of his surplice as an evidence of Popish craft, and denounced its mild tootlings as if they had been loud enough to shake to utter wreck the walls of their New Jerusalem. So Theophilus,



"Mind!" said Michael hoarsely, "it's no fault o' mine."

though he loftily bade such malcontents as personally assailed him to address their complaints to his Bishop, from whom alone he deemed it fitting to accept reproof or counsel in such matters, yet, with a wholesome dread of scandal to his church, kept his future flute practice at home, whereby, perhaps, the artistic education of his flock did not greatly suffer.

Soon after Elsie enlisted herself under him, Mr. Bamber be an to arrange for another of those little *réunions*, in the shape of a concert interspersed by readings and recitations. For a week or two past he had sedulously practised "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in his bedroom, and his name was to figure on the programme opposite the title of that inspiring morsel. Susanna was down for a piano solo, and Elsie, who had a very fair soprano voice, was pressed into the service to sing. Theophilus, with a laudable desire to encourage the resident musical talent of the district, had employed Miss Anastasia Dundonald more than once already on these occasions, and suggested to his *fiancée* that they should call together on that lady, who combined, in the opinion of the district, the most brilliant talents with spotless private respectability. In fact, since Ralph had removed his person from her appearance in public, Stasie had become a local celebrity.

So when their day's round of work was over the trio turned their steps towards the street in which Miss Dundonald lived, and, arriving at the house, mounted to the second floor, and there found Stasie playing with her child. Elsie looked at her hostess with a frank admiration: at which the latter half blushed and wholly smiled. The girl had not been prepared to see this big, handsome woman in her simple, well-fitting dress of grey serge, which, though made every stitch by the wearer's own hands, fitted her to perfection. The room seemed palatial beside the dens of squalor Elsie had seen in the district. The baby, in his light-flowered frock and pink ribbons, would not have been out of place in a Belgravian nursery. Elsie was so conscious that her pleased surprise had been evident in her face that it was with a look almost of apology that she accepted the seat.

"We are getting up a concert," said Mr. Bamber. "I think we have a fair programme already, and we want you to help us."

"That I will," said Stasie; "glad and willing. It isn't much pleasure as the poor people about here get," she continued to Elsie, "and it's almost as great a charity to give 'em a bit of music or something to laugh at and amuse them as food or clothes. Are you going to do anything, Miss?"

"Mr. Bamber has put me down for a song," said Elsie.

"Well," said Stasie, "if you sing as pretty as you speak, Miss—begging your pardon, if I'm too free—you'll be nice to listen to."

"I wonder now," said Mr. Bamber, with the flush and little stammer with which he always heralded an idea—"I wonder if you could accompany Miss Arkinstall? Curious that I never thought of that before, isn't it, when you've played for us so often? We've always had pianoforte accompaniments. It might be something new to the people. Do you think you could, Miss Dundonald?"

"I've accompanied a good many in my time," said Stasie. "But I should like a bit of a rehearsal first."

"That's easily arranged, I think," said Mr. Bamber. "Let me see—you are always engaged at night, are you not? Yes. But not in the daytime. No. Suppose Miss Arkinstall, who comes with us to Bermondsey every day, were to come for an hour or so in the afternoon? It would really do you good, Miss Arkinstall. You are working too hard, and taking no rest at all."

"Indeed, Miss," said Stasie, "it's a poor enough place to ask a lady like you to come to, but I'm sure if you will do me such a honour—"

"I will come with great pleasure," said Elsie.

Many a time in after-days she wondered what strange attraction had seemed to draw herself and Stasie together at their first meeting.

They had walked some twenty yards from the house, when they became aware of a figure approaching them. A small man, in a loud check suit, with a battered white hat on the back of his head, and his hands in his trouser pockets—a small man but too evidently under the influence of an overdose of ardent spirits—was tacking and reeling along the pavement. The small man carried his liquor merrily, and lightened his devious path with song, as thus:—

I wish I was a brewer's 'oss
Three-quarters of a year,
I'd put my 'ed where my tail should be,
And drink up all the beer—
And drink up all the bee-hee-yer,
And drink up all the bee-*hee*-yee;
I'd put my 'ed where my tail should be,
And drink up all the beer.

The amount of liquor he had already consumed, combining possibly with the effects of the delirious vision of enjoyment conjured up by the words of his ditty, so suffused the soul of the small man with satisfaction that he stopped short in his progress and gave a drunken cheer, waving his hat over his head in an ecstasy of noisy contentment. He had just started another verse, when his roving eye encountered the severe visage of the Reverend Theophilus. He checked the fearsome howl with ludicrous suddenness, and for a second or so looked preternaturally sober and dignified.

"Michael," said the reverend gentleman, more sadly than severely, "I am very sorry to see this."

"Iz apoorar," said Michael, beaming anew—"iz apoorar as nev' rejoices."

He became conscious of the presence of ladies, and, with a native gallantry unobscured by his momentary condition, took off the battered white hat. The effort overbalanced him, and he would have come smartly to the ground but for the curate's timely arm. Mr. Bamber, endeavouring to restore him to perpendicularity, felt him suddenly stiffen in his embrace, and saw that he was staring straight at Elsie, with his eyes starting from his head. The sight of her seemed almost to sober him. He started back a couple of paces, with his eyes still fixed upon her face, and sudden beads of sweat came out upon his forehead.

"Goodness gracious me!" cried Susanna, "what's the matter with the man?"

"Mind!" said Michael, hoarsely, with a quivering forefinger pointed at Elsie, "it's no fault o' mine. Be square, now! Don't bring a poor cove into trouble as he hasn't deserved. If I've spoke one solitary bloomin' word about it to a livin' soul, Gord strike me dead! Not a word, s'help me! have I spoke. You know that, Miss, and you'll tell him so. You'll tell him as it's no fault o' mine."

While they were all looking at him in amazement he backed farther away, still with his fascinated eyes on Elsie's face.

"I'd ha' kep' it tiled," continued Michael, "as long as he paid me that five quid, till all was blue. I said I would, and I have, and I look to you to tell him as it's no fault o' mine if you've found him out. I can take my Bible hoath as I've never so much as set eyes on you 'ceptin' that once; and so can you, and I look to you to do it."

"The man's mad," said Elsie, in an undertone. It was sufficiently disquieting to be thus unexpectedly apostrophised, and would have been even more so, but for the man's obvious fear of *her*, though why she should frighten him she could not guess.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Bamber.

"Never mind," answered Michael, a little more collected in speech and manner, and with a nod of darkling meaning. "A lady as *is* a lady won't get a poor chap into trouble when he ain't done nothing to deserve it, I *should* hope." He moved away, with the shuffling side-long motion of a semi-intoxicated crab, with his eyes still fixed on Elsie, and in their amazement they let him go without further question.

(To be continued.)

FITS.—EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[ADVT.]

PANORAMA OF LUCERNE.—SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA."

CYCLE & CAMERA

I HAVE always thought that one never appreciated the advantages of cycling until one had experienced the disadvantages of other forms of physical exercise. A tiresome tramp of twenty-five miles makes one enjoy all the more one's next ride of fifty.

This summer I have been trying Alpine climbing, and I have not climbed up a pass or to the top of a peak without comparing the work, and the consequent pleasure, with that of cycling. Climbers are as enthusiastic as cyclists. In an Alpine hotel there is as much "shop" talked as at the Paddington Recreation Ground during the N.C.U. Championships. At first you are inclined to think that all the men in flannels and knickerbockers have missed their vocation and would be a great deal better off riding over the Simplon or the St. Gothard on cycles. Then, somehow, you catch the fever, and want to do a little climbing yourself.

There is no doubt that it is, under certain conditions, very delightful. On the higher and the very dangerous peaks, to me it loses all its charms, for here all the real work is done by your guides. But on glaciers and rocks and snowfields, where you make your own way, you have very much the same excitement, only increased a hundredfold, that you had in your boyhood in climbing apple-trees and scrambling over stone walls. And it is just this sort of excitement that one does not have on a cycle. Of course, there are scorchers among Alpinists as among cyclists, and I suppose record-breaking is always exciting; but I am now speaking of the pleasures of the man who does not care twopence for records.

Besides this, I must admit that walking and climbing in Switzerland will take you into many places where a cycle cannot go. From a machine you would learn little or nothing of the glacier-world, with its crevasses and moraines, of the high pastures dotted over with little black châlets, or of the snow passes, with their dangers and beauties. The cyclist must keep to the high-roads, where he will have small reason to complain, but still it must be granted he will lose many of the characteristic features of the Swiss country through which he is travelling.

A PICTURESQUE "BIT" IN SWITZERLAND.

As for the effects of the two forms of exercise, I think they are very much the same. After a stiff climb you come back exhausted, and indeed while you are climbing there are times when you wish you had never been born. But the next morning you rise up like a young giant refreshed, ready for anything and everything. But have you not felt very much the same way the day after a long hard ride? Much of the exhilaration, too, is due to the keen mountain air, to the cold clean winds that blow over you from the glaciers and the vast tracts of snow.

But, on the other hand, in climbing you lose all the exhilaration of speed, except on the rare occasions when you get a good *glissade*, which is but coasting without sled or cycle. Nor, as I pointed out two weeks ago, can you really enjoy the scenery about you as you can on your machine—for this reason: you must mind your steps; your eyes are always fixed upon your feet. It is only now and then when you stop for rest, or for one of the endless succession of breakfasts which are half the climber's pleasure, that you can look about you and see those things which it is not given to the cyclist to see. Coming down it is the same as going up. It is true, you usually have a long walk on the mountainside before you begin to climb. But the chances are that you start out in the dead hours of a night with a lantern and miss this walk altogether; while coming home you are usually so tired that you don't want to see anything but the hotel at the end of your tramp.

After carefully considering all these advantages and disadvantages, I have come to the conclusion that the one perfect way of "doing" Switzerland would be to come on a cycle—a bicycle preferably—to ride from one climbing centre to another, and at each to put the machine away for a few days, and to take to the higher valleys and mountains and passes on foot. Thus you would combine the two pleasures. This is good advice for whoever can or will follow it. N.C.U.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

IT is about fifteen months since the first Art Congress was held at Liverpool, and a full report of the proceedings on that occasion has lately been published under the very impressive title "Transactions of the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry."

The volume has appeared at the right time. For now that artists have not yet begun to show the results of their summer's work, one has more leisure to listen to what they have to say about their art. True, at the time, many of their speeches were given at length in a few of the newspapers. But the greater number have been carefully revised for publication, and, thus collected together in one book, certain points in them are emphasised more strongly than they were in newspaper reports spread over several days.

All the artists who took part in the discussion seem to agree that art in this country is in rather a bad way, though a good many different reasons are found to explain why this should be so. Sir Frederick Leighton attributes the trouble to the fact that "with the great majority of Englishmen the appreciation of art, *as* art, is blunt, is superficial, is desultory, is spasmodic," and that while they may honour what is excellent they do not detest what is ignoble and hideous—in a word, that the great English public is not artistic.

Mr. Holman Hunt suggests that if the Academy could be reformed and English artists taught to turn away from the false gods of French art we might see the dawn of a better day.

Mr. William Morris and Mr. Walter Crane are all for an economic and social revolution: artists and artisans must be free—as, however, they never have been in the greatest days of art—before good work can be looked for from them. Mr. Cobden Saunderson upholds that until the craftsman's work is "homage" the outlook must be hopeless.

But there are almost as many reasons given as there are speeches published. Each speaker has his own theory for the modern degeneracy in which all alike believe. It seems to me, however, that none came so near the truth as Mr. Hamerton in his comparison between the art of England and of France in his last book called "French and English."

Let me quote just a few words from the passages to which I refer. "If I were asked," he says, "what is the particular difficulty that usually prevents the English from understanding art, I should answer the extreme energy and activity of their moral sense. They have a sort of moral hunger, which tries to satisfy itself in season and out of season. That interferes with their understanding of a pursuit which lies outside of morals." THE BOHEMIAN.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN, since her arrival at Balmoral, has greatly improved in health. Her Majesty takes walking exercise daily, and nearly every afternoon goes out for a long drive. She has not during her present visit attended Divine service in the parish church of Crathie, but has been present at the prayers in the Castle.

The Prince of Wales, says the *World*, is looking much better and stronger since his return from Homburg. He is still lame, but his leg has resumed its normal size, and he can walk fairly well. He was rather lame at Aberdeen on his arrival there the other day, but he assured everyone that he felt much better. There have been deer-drives during his stay at Mar Lodge, but he could not take much part in them, as absolute rest and quiet are enjoined by his doctors. The ever-watchful Glenmuick was in waiting at Ballater, and drove the Prince away in a small low carriage, which he had specially provided to save his Royal master the fatigue of climbing into a high carriage.

Prince Bismarck is, it is stated, suffering from inflammation of the veins. The Emperor had invited him to attend the manœuvres at Hanover, and for this purpose had ordered Prince Bismarck's own regiment of cuirassiers to be present, but the Chancellor could not attend. It is said that inflammation was caused by his exertions in practising the German style of trotting when riding, instead of the English way, to which he is accustomed. His indisposition is nothing serious, as appears from the fact that his physician, Dr. Schweninger, has just left on four weeks' leave of absence.

The attitude which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has thought fit to assume, and her Majesty's wrath has been excited by a report which has reached her from Germany that the Duke of Edinburgh has been exerting himself to fan the flames of his uncle's indignation. The Duke has, therefore, been summoned to Balmoral by an imperative command, in order that he may explain how he has come to forget himself so strangely as to presume to censure a marriage with which the Queen herself is perfectly satisfied, and, whatever his private sentiments may be, he will have at least to appear reconciled to the new connection before he rejoins the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at Rheinhardsbrunn, where there will shortly be another large party for deer-shooting."

M. Corvilain, the owner of the Antwerp cartridge factory where the disastrous explosion occurred, has been arrested, together with his chief engineer. The subscriptions for the relatives of the victims amount to over three hundred thousand francs.

Messrs. Augustus Harris and Freeman Thomas have engaged the only lion which rides a horse (and is now making a great sensation in Paris) for their circus at Covent-Garden Theatre next Christmas.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne, the well-known blindfold chessplayer, gave an exhibition of his skill at the City of London Chess Club on Monday night, when, without seeing either board or men, he played against eight opponents simultaneously. In the result he won five games, and drew the remaining three.

It has been the practice at Woking Convict Prison, where Mrs. Maybrick is confined, to admit the public to the Sunday afternoon Divine service. Since Mrs. Maybrick's arrival, however, the prison chapel has been so thronged that orders have been received from the Home Office prohibiting the admission of anybody not provided with a special permit from the going from Rondout to Steep Rock came upon a man hanging by a rope from the limb of a tree. He was still alive, for his legs and arms were twitching, but they refused to cut him down, as they considered, after consultation, that they had no right to do so without an order from the coroner.

On Friday week thirteen horses belonging to Major Rickards, Master of the Craven Hounds, were returning to the kennels after their usual exercise, when one of them, ridden by a groom, bolted, and on reaching the level crossing at the railway-station the second horse Bray was leading, becoming frightened, jumped at the gate, and a projecting screw in the post entered the chest of the animal, which died almost immediately. The horse had been lately purchased for 100 guineas.

The Administration of the Congo State received the following intelligence by way of Zanzibar on the 13th inst.: "Mr. H. M. Stanley, on leaving the basin of the Albert Nyanza, endeavoured to make his way southward by passing to the west of the Victoria Nyanza, but was unsuccessful. He then went northward, and reached the eastern shore of the lake, Emin Pasha accompanying him. Mr. Stanley made a long stay on the borders of the lake, awaiting supplies from Msalala and Tabora, for which he had sent. He left Emin Pasha, on the eastern shore of the lake, several months ago, and proceeded in the direction of Mombasa. Mr. Stanley is expected to reach the eastern coast of Africa towards the end of October next."

The health of Lord Tennyson is now completely restored, the warm and brilliant weather of the past few weeks having had a most beneficial effect. The aged poet may almost daily be seen frequenting the beautiful drives in the neighbourhood of Haslemere, while it is not unusual to see him walking. His

News from Philadelphia states that fifty vessels stranded at Breakwater during the fierce easterly gale on the 13th. Fifty seamen are known to have perished.

The heroic death of the gallant fireman Jacobs is still a prominent topic. Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, the Mid-Surrey Coroner, opened an inquiry on Saturday, at the Townhall, High-street, Wandsworth, into the circumstances attending the death of William Godfrey Jacobs, aged twenty-seven years, a second-class fireman of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, stationed at High-street, Wandsworth, who lost his life in the disastrous fire at Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome's chemical factory, in Bell-lane, Wandsworth, last Thursday week. Mr. Sexton Simonds, second officer, and Superintendent Port watched the case on behalf of Captain Shaw, C.B.

Mark Francis, a fireman, deposed that he was sent by Engineer Howard on to the top floor, and, knowing that Jacobs and Ashby were up there, he tried to find out where they were, and, getting on his hands and knees, followed the hose. He called to the men to see if they wanted relief, and Ashby replied, although he could not see him. Shortly after he was overpowered by the smoke, and rolled downstairs. He then heard Ashby and Jacobs calling for help. He saw them at a window, and they asked for a line, but there was not one handy. He then ran up to the engines for the ladders, which were not long enough, but several people helping, they lashed the ladders together, and he went up and found Ashby hanging to the window-sill. He guided his feet to the ladder, and he was got down. The witness continued: I went up again, and saw Jacobs, who was still at the window, full backwards. Directly after that something exploded, and there was a great burst of flames which went right through the roof. I never saw Jacobs again after that, but I managed to break the bars with my axe after a lot of trouble. Then I saw his body on the floor, but the place was then alight from end to end, and it was some time before the remains could be recovered. Mr. Sexton Simonds here stated that in accordance with the rule in the Fire Brigade it was the duty of a senior fireman to see that his junior was got out in safety, therefore the probability was that Jacobs, being the senior man, assisted Ashby out and was unable to help himself. The inquest was adjourned, in order that the Home Secretary could have the assistance of experts as to the origin of the fire. A public funeral was given to the remains of poor Jacobs.

The alleged Arran murderer, Laurie, since his committal for trial, seems in much better spirits than previous to his examination. The telling of his version of the story seems to have relieved his mind considerably. It has now been definitely arranged that his trial will take place at the forthcoming Glasgow circuit in October, and as a preliminary he will be asked to plead before the Sheriff at Greenock.

The sectional sittings of the British Association were opened at Newcastle on the 12th inst., when the presidental addresses were delivered. It is said that the most popular of these addresses was that of Sir Francis de Winton, who advocated that in all our large trade centres increased facilities should be provided for the study of commercial geography. Sir Francis also referred to the value of the discoveries made by Stanley.

LONDON DOCKERS AT WORK AGAIN IN THE EAST INDIA DOCKS.

The great strike was finally brought to a close on Saturday last, and men of all classes resumed work on Monday. The dockers on the north side of the Thames have obtained all they ask for, except that the increase of the wages of casuals from fivepence to sixpence per hour is postponed till Nov. 4. The lightermen have also obtained some but not all of their demands.

Although the dock labourers returned to work on Monday morning, considerable difficulty is being experienced in getting them to work in harmony with the few men who have been employed by the directors during the strife. More than one assault on the men—"blacklegs," they are called—has been made by the dockers, but things are now going peacefully.

But what will the strike cost? asks the *Daily Telegraph*. In its immediate consequences, it has taken a clear month out of the export trading year of the Port of London, and it has rendered the daily supply of the markets of the metropolis a matter of considerable anxiety and of actual loss. No branch of commerce has escaped the evil effects of the stagnation which has prevailed. Trade has suffered in every quarter, and London has been impoverished, while foreign ports have reaped the harvest. Estimated upon reliable data, it has been assumed that the financial loss to the industries and callings chiefly concerned has amounted daily to not less than £70,000. Reckoning that the strike became general on August 13, there have been since then four weeks, of six days each, deliberately sacrificed, entailing a loss approaching one million and three-quarters to two millions sterling. The forfeiture, however, does not end here. Goods which were intended for the Australian Christmas markets will have to be dispatched by steamer instead of by sailing vessel, to make up for the delay; demurrage will have to be paid by ship-charterers; lawyers' bills will be run up; and it may be years before the total outlay produced by the strike will have been ascertained and met.

"It is no secret," says *Truth*, "that the German section of the Royal family greatly disproved of the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales, and the event was entirely ignored by the bride's relatives abroad. The Queen has been particularly annoyed by the Secretary of State. Mrs. Maybrick has now voluntarily left the infirmary, and lives the life of an ordinary female convict.

At Heywood, last Monday evening, a woman named Page was, it is alleged, seriously maltreated by her husband during a quarrel, and bled profusely from several wounds. A woman named Sharp was called in to attend her; but Sharp, on seeing her, became suddenly ill, and died before medical aid could be procured.

About half-past six o'clock on Sunday morning a prize fight for £50 took place in some fields known as Molyneux Grounds, West Derby, the competitors being J. Joyce, of St. Luke's, London, and J. Atkins, of Bermondsey, London. No gloves were used, and the fight was to a finish. After a desperate fight, extending over thirty-nine rounds, Joyce, who had the best of it all through, won. Both men were greatly disfigured, and were taken away in traps. A county policeman came upon the scene while the fight was progressing, but on his making a protest he was thrown into a ditch, and left to find his way out as best he could.

The quest for the Whitechapel murderer is pictured. Arrests have been made, including, it is said, John Burns, who for a few minutes was supposed to be as inhuman as dock directors, no doubt, think him. The river was dredged and all the craft overlooked within a few hours of the discovery; but so far all has been in vain. One hundred extra policemen have been drafted into the Whitechapel district, and they will remain on duty there for the next three months. So far as the detectives are concerned, the theory that this latest crime is the work of "Jack the Ripper," or whoever may be responsible for the earlier ones, has been almost abandoned. There was, the detectives think, a totally different method pursued by the murderer of the unfortunate unknown whose body was discovered under the arch in Pinchin-street.

The story of the Oxford man who refused to save a fellow-student from drowning because they had never been introduced has been beaten by an actual incident in the State of New York. A party of men

An Afghan correspondent sends to the *Civil and Military Gazette* a weird story of the Ameer's vengeance on his rebel prisoners. It appears that 300 prisoners, under the charge of Jan Mohamad Khan, Khazanchi, have arrived from Turkestan at Cabul. Three of these are put to death each day. One is hanged in yellow or green apparel; one is dressed in black and blown from a gun; and the third, who is put to death by the sword, is given red clothes. The executions will, we suppose, last one hundred days. If the Afghan correspondent is to be trusted in this particular, it would seem that the revolt in Badakshan is not yet over; for we are informed that Gholam Haider Khan, Orakzai, has been ordered by the Ameer to hold himself in readiness to proceed to Badakshan with two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry on receipt of second orders.

The paddle-steamer Alexandra, belonging to the Victoria Steam-Boat Association, on attempting to pass under London Bridge the other night about eleven o'clock, on her homeward journey from Clacton-on-Sea, touched the ground in consequence of the low tide. At the time there were about 300 passengers on board, and these were safely landed, the majority not knowing that anything had happened. When the tide rose sufficiently she was moved through the bridge, but made water so fast that the captain deemed it advisable to run his vessel out of the navigation behind the Old Swan Pier. About three o'clock a.m. the vessel sank, and there is no doubt she will be a total wreck. Men are now engaged pumping the water out of her, but the officials of the company anticipate little good from their efforts, as the steamer, besides having a hole in her fore compartment, is otherwise seriously damaged.

Mr. Edison (who has received a hearty welcome from Berlin) has commissioned his representative in Paris to send 10,000 f. to the Municipality for the poor, in acknowledgment of his reception by all classes in that city, of which he says he will entertain a grateful recollection to his dying day. He visits London in a few days.

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THE RACING WORLD

Doncaster's September Meeting

ran honestly be classed as an all-round success, now that we are able to take a comprehensive survey of its various bearings. The racing was good, on a course in excellent order: the arrangements capital, and intelligently carried out, as a rule; the right horses won, generally speaking, and in certain events gave us most valuable information on future events; fair prices now and then were reached at the yearling sales, helping to raise considerably what I may be allowed to term a fine natural average as the result of Messrs. Tattersall's labours in the rostrum; and, to make a somewhat inglorious wind-up to my catalogue, fewer people than usual were ill owing to the Edinboro' ale, filthy, unsanitary condition. "Sweet Edinboro', I smell thee not" at 5 to 7 would not represent Doncaster's form in an olfactory handicap. It is only equal is Cologne, the city of one single scent and a thousand bad smells. Even in this, to make the comparison complete, you must leave out the single scent.

The Duke of Portland's horse was rather a rum one to look at, but a really good one to go, as racing history testifies. All of his get are, like him, good ones to go, and, as a rule, far better-looking than their father. No wonder, then, that our

Owners and Breeders are simply mad after St. Simons,

and will have his stock, if they pay apparently exorbitant prices for them. If he had been a horse without a good racing record, Signorina would have made his fortune for him. The stallion will help keep up the rich Duke of Portland's reputation for luckiness; but I am pleased that a share of it has come the way of Mr. Marshall, who generally has a few horses in training, but will be best known through Shannon, who, among other races won the Goodwood Cup, and Trent, winner of the Paris Grand Prize. Few more sensational Cup races than Shannon's (in 1871 it was) could be cited. Hunt, the able steeplechase jockey and clever trainer, was little Hunt then. George Fordham was in his prime, and, with the Demon on Mortemer, grand horse that he was, and Favonius, the Derby winner of the year, making up the field, little regard was paid to either Shannon or the jockey Hunt, who, while waiting to mount, amused himself by stuffing himself with plums and grapes. Fordham had waited, waited. Favonius's jockey looked after Mortemer, and Fordham after Favonius. The pace was miserable, till very near home Hunt took the liberty of poaching a couple of lengths from the swells, and was never caught. Unlike Shannon, Garonne—dam of the four-thousand-guinea yearling—was never of much account as a racer, but she has a fine strain of blood, and,

Goodness knows, the Sire is Fashionable Enough.

Last week, while commenting on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire weights, I remarked, apropos of the Cambridgeshire, that

Danbydale (4 yrs., 6st. 5lb.) stopped the Way

when you wanted to analyse the shorter handicap. His performances this year have been most indifferent; in fact, in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot he was

Not a Performer at all,

since he was looking towards Sawyer's Gate of Windsor Forest as the flag fell. Since then he has disappointed seriously, but somehow always did well at some stage of his races. We really do not want to know much about the public form of Captain Machell's handicap horses.

Public Form does not count, if the Captain fancies them.

The punters say to themselves, If the Captain puts the money down, they must have done enough at home to satisfy him, and what is good enough for the Captain is good enough for us. No matter what Danbydale has done since he was made so warm a favourite for the Hunt Cup, I know that before the race his trial assured the stable that he ought not to get beaten, and that, after the muddle by which the race was put out of the race when the flag fell, all connected with the brother to Kilwarlin declared that the money he was backed to win must have been in their pockets barring the accident. Here we have Danbydale, despite his private reputation and all the market told us,

The Lightest-Weighted Four-Year-Old in the Cambridgeshire,

except one, Primrose Day, concerning whom I may mention that very likely when I come to make final selection I may have to take him too.

Philomel must be kept on the Right Side,

for the mare is well in, and Colonel North, who fancies her for this race rather than for the Cesarewitch, would be delighted to win a big handicap. He will scarcely be given a better chance than this.

Doncaster cleared up a good deal regarding the Cesarewitch horses. Doubtless we shall get others backed, but the present favourites will want a lot of beating from their position because of what they did to their companions on the Town Moor. Davenport's third to Donovan showed what good ground Wadlow's stable had for fancying him in the Cesarewitch. The good impression he then created was strengthened through his easy victory over Worthington and Lord Lorne in the Doncaster Stakes. Good judges were not wanting, however, to

Prefer Mercy's Chance to Davenport's,

because of her light weight—5st. 13lb. only—and her evident staying ability. Little S. Welch has already been engaged to ride, and

She will very nearly win.

Ingram will be backed presently, and on the Goodwood Stakes form is worth backing. Drizzle, as a Northumberland Plate winner, is not out of it at 5st. 6lb. for a five-year-old. Fallow Chat, which was a year and 4lb. the better of Davenport, was, with the latter, the best supported of all prior to the publication of the weights.

While we are discussing our Cesarewitch, our neighbours over the Channel way have comfortably handled their Cesarewitch to the list of races past. Baron de Rothschild managed to get first and second with Amazon and Tine Laregot—the winner ridden by Fred Barrett, and Tire Laregot by Crickmere.

Searchers after coincidences will be somewhat vexed to find that the

Rothschilds are not Represented in the Cesarewitch.

As it happens, the Duke of Portland also is not among the list of owners interested directly in the two big Newmarket Handicaps. His Grace may, however, land many times the value of the two races put together through

Donovan in the Twelve Thousand Pounds Lancashire Plate.

After Chitabob's pulling up lame at Doncaster, we can scarcely look seriously on his chance, although assured that he went more dottily on the morning of the Whitsuntide Plate, which he won as a two-year-old, than on Wednesday on the Town Moor. Besides, there is a lot of difference between asking a cripple to gallop seven furlongs and seven furlongs plus a mile. He might get home over the shorter distance before his lameness inconvenienced him much. I cannot, however, believe in his being resurrected so quickly, and shall stand on Donovan. It is right to say, though, that possibly the three-year-old may be given a rest and the stable depend on Ayrshire, who has been carefully prepared for this engagement, Donovan up to last week had earned only £44,562 15s.

As usual, at Manchester, the attendance was enormous. I am always pleased to be able to congratulate the New Barns folk on getting fine weather, because it makes matters so much more pleasant to some people. At the same time, it is pretty much wasted on the natives, who are not used to it. Next door to the racecourse the Manchester Ship Canal works have been in great progress during the meeting. Perhaps when they are finished the far side of the course will not be so swampy as it frequently is now, and the whole area be better drained. Speaking of

Drainage, I must compliment the Leicester Executive,

who, at considerable expense, have greatly improved their course at Oadby. Their meeting was, I thought, better patronised than usual; and I am sorry I cannot spare space to allude particularly to its items.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

EVER since the institution of cycle-racing the

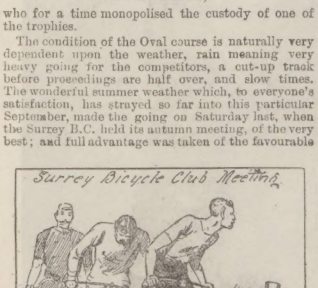
Surrey Bicycle Club

has filled a prominent position in the history of the pastime, and, in connection with the annual meetings of this club, Kennington Oval has become quite historical. Racing on grass is not generally appreciated by cyclists; but the races of the Surrey B.C. at Kennington Oval have always been accorded an honourable exception, and to trace back their record is to come across some of the finest and best-remembered contests that have ever taken place among amateur cyclists. On the challenge cups that, from time to time, have been presented by the club are to be found the most distinguished names in the cycling world, including that old-time wonder, the late

H. L. Cortis,

who for a time monopolised the custody of one of the trophies.

The condition of the Oval course is naturally very dependent upon the weather, rain meaning very heavy going for the competitors, a cut-up track before proceedings are half over, and slow times. The wonderful summer weather which, to everyone's satisfaction, has strayed so far into this particular September, made the going on Saturday last, when the Surrey B.C. held its autumn meeting, of the very best; and full advantage was taken of the favourable



opportunity by relegating to limbo several then existing grass records. The race for the ten-miles

Surrey B.C. Cup

is always the *pièce de résistance* at this meeting, and it generally produces a good and interesting race, which is, now-a-days, a rare occurrence in connection with important contests. On the present occasion the race was a splendid success all through. Grass records were made in it after the third mile, and so well was the pace maintained that the winner, J. H. Adams (fifty-miles champion), accomplished the full distance in 31 min. 10 sec., or no less than 1 min. 26 4-5 sec. faster than the old grass record for ten miles made on the same ground nearly two years ago. This fast time is due in a great measure to the racing for the

Lap Prize,

a prize being given to the rider who led for the greatest number of laps. The course being a quarter of a mile in circuit, naturally forty laps had to be traversed, and, as H. J. Howard led for no fewer than twenty-eight of these, he won this particular prize easily. He also credited himself with the grass records for six, seven, eight, and nine miles, and was tremendously applauded for his determined pace-making. F. P. Wood, the holder, could not keep with Adams, and was beaten by quite ten yards. Had he won he would have secured the cup for good, as other fine riders have done before him.

One very objectionable feature in connection with this meeting is what has become to be universally known as the

Surrey Rush,

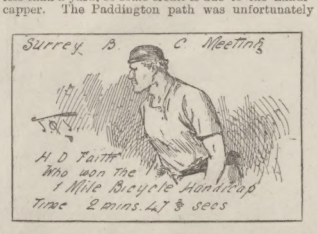
which consists of the crowd rushing across the course towards the winner. This invariably results in the

upsetting of one or more riders, and it was very hard on Howard that he should this time have been the victim, after having done such yeoman's service. Besides the record for ten miles, Adams secured that for the grass flying quarter—viz., 37 4-5 sec.; while in the

One Lap Race

E. M. Mayes made a new record for the grass starting quarter—viz., 39 2-5 sec. In addition, in the one-mile Safety bicycle handicap J. N. Still made the following grass records: quarter, 42 1-5 sec.; half-mile, 1 min. 25 2-5 sec.; three-quarters, 2 min. 12 sec.; one mile, 2 min. 58 1-5 sec. Altogether the eight thousand people present enjoyed as good a day's cycling racing as could be wished for.

In quite another part of London—Paddington, to wit—other thousands of spectators were enjoying some very fine racing, the redoubtable Kibblewhite accomplishing another great performance over three miles, his time being only 4-5 sec. slower than what he accomplished three weeks ago at Stamford-bridge. This time, I am pleased to say, he won, though by less than a yard, so some credit is due to the handicapper. The Paddington path was unfortunately



not in perfect condition, or very possibly Kibblewhite would have even surpassed his recent record performance.

The improvement made by this young runner since the spring, when he was defeated by S. Thomas at ten miles, is extraordinary. Then he was regarded as a very good man, but no more. Now everything is considered to be possible to him, and, among other things, "Deerfoot's" alleged

One Hour's Record

is suggested as a fitting object for attack. I say "alleged" record, for I, for one, decline to believe in its genuineness. "Deerfoot" belonged to a troupe of professional pedestrians who amused the public, and took its shillings and half-crowns by running a series of bogus races, the great card played being, of course, the lething "Deerfoot" win. Well I remember how people used to flock to the grounds at Brompton and Bow to see the fleet Indian runner; and well I remember also the laugh that went round when, in the police-court, the humbuggery was all exposed by one of the troupe who did not consider himself fairly treated. "Deerfoot" (Bennett was his name) was no wonder, and Jack White, who subsequently established such fine records, could have "smothered" him at any time.

The Swimming World

furnishes two events of interest. On Saturday last H. R. Taylor and E. J. Kirk swam off their dead-heat for the Captaincy of the Professional Swimming Association—the race-course being the lake at Henden, and the distance half a mile. Taylor won quite easily—time, 15 min. 53⅘ sec. There was a large entry on Saturday night for the 80-yards amateur handicap, promoted by Prof. Beckwith in the swimming-bath of the Westminster Aquarium. That clipping young swimmer, Tyres of Manchester, is sketched as he won his heat in fine style, swimming with the Indian overhand stroke Mr. William Payton used so powerfully in the old London Swimming Club days. But Tyres was beaten on Monday by R. Barber, though only by a yard, and he had two seconds start of Tyres. In the final heat, R. Barber had, in his turn, to give place to F. Blake, who won a good race by a yard; time, 1 min. 7 4-5 sec. To-day, Nuttall and Finney swim a mile race in the sea at Llandudno for £100.

The holders of the football

Association Cup

in 1888, West Bromwich Albion, were beaten on Saturday by Derby County, but the present holders,

Preston North End, beat Stoke by no fewer than ten goals to love. Two new organisations, the Birmingham League and the Midland League, played numerous matches, and gave strong indication that the league system is destined to become a very popular one.

The last of the cricket-matches under the title of

North v. South

took place at Hastings last week. W. W. Read, being added to that "absent injured" list of which I have already spoken, could not play, and there was at least one weak place in the southern eleven. The scoring was curious. The wicket was poor and in favour of the bowling, the North, who went in first, being all out for 89. The South did but little better, making 97; but, to the astonishment of most people, the North made 240 at their second attempt, Gunn, for a man with an injured hand, doing well to make 57. When it came to the turn of the South to bat, again the pernicious influence of the weather prevailed as strongly as ever, and they were all out for 81, the North thus winning easily. The Hastings visitors felt themselves very ill-used by W. G. for not obliging with 154, as he did at Scarborough.

Mr. E. M. Grace has done many curious things during his long cricket career, and seems likely to do more yet. The other day two batsmen were giving his side considerable trouble, and he went on to try an over. The five balls of that over were considered

quite sufficient by his side, for off them one of the batsmen made no fewer than

Twenty-Two Runs.

If this is not a record, it ought to be.

This afternoon, at Belfast, the annual lacrosse match,

England v. Ireland,

will be decided. Since this match was instituted, Ireland has won on every occasion except in 1888, when England decisively turned the tables. Lacrosse, like golf, can be played all the year round. In Canada, the land of its birth, Ireland, and Yorkshire it is played in the summer; in England, with the exception of Yorkshire, in the winter. It is therefore easy to understand that a match between England and Ireland, played in September, finds the Irishmen in tip-top trim, the Englishmen being just the reverse. Previously, the match had always been played in summer or autumn; but last year England thought they would try what a change of season would do, and fixed the match in March, when they were in full practice and the Irishmen out of form. The result was as anticipated, and England won. Lacrosse being confined in Ireland to the

Belfast district, the Irish have the advantage of combined practice, while the Englishmen never get together as a team.

Lacrosse

is steadily making headway, as it deserves to do. It is the finest of field games with a ball in which violent exercise is obtained at a minimum of risk to limb and life. The lacrosse race for the medal presented by

Lord Dufferin

comes off on Saturday next at the London Athletic Club meeting, and the West London L.C. will play throughout the winter on the ground at Stamford-bridge. Schools are taking up the game all over the country, which will get over the great difficulty hitherto experienced of having to teach people to play when well advanced in years.—BANSHEE.

Signor Crispi was attacked on Friday week as he was driving through Naples by a man called Caporali, who leaped into his carriage and struck him in the face violently with a large sharpened stone. The Italian Premier's injuries are not serious, and he was able to attend to public business on Sunday; but he will probably be unable to leave his bed for some days. The act does not seem to have any political significance, as Caporali apparently had no accomplices.

The French Postmaster-General has published his telephonic tariff. Yearly subscriptions in Paris are reduced from £24 to £16, and in towns in which there is already an underground network of wires to £12, on the condition, however, that each subscriber shall bear a proportionate part in making necessary repairs.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

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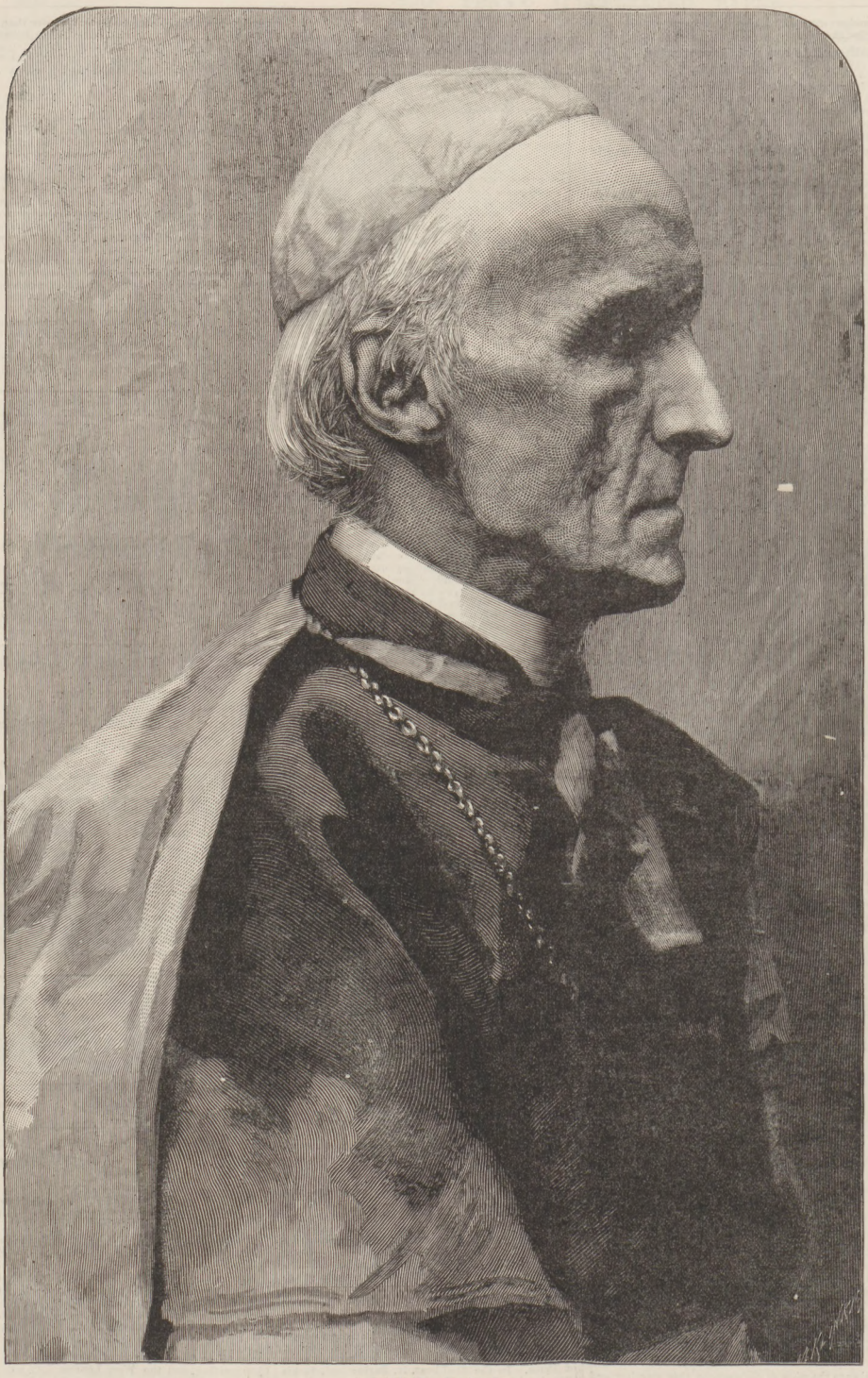

CARDINAL MANNING.

From a Photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford-street.

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE STRIKE.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING has crowned his valuable services as a Social Reformer by his noble, persistent, and successful efforts to bring the great strike of London Dockers to an end. While other prelates and magnates were seeking holiday relaxation in various pleasure resorts in England and on the Continent, Cardinal Manning was fraternally striving with might and main every day last week to reconcile the Dock Directors and the leaders of the Dockers. Forsaking the comfort of his cosy home near Vauxhall Bridge, he daily made a pilgrimage to the grimiest part of the East-End, and brought his gentle persuasion to bear upon the bold champions of the Dockers, Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. John Burns; and then interceded for the thousands on strike with Mr. Norwood and his associates. Cardinal Manning's practical Christianity triumphed. On Saturday afternoon the prolonged strike, which had lasted close upon five weeks, was satisfactorily terminated at the Mansion House; and the men agreed to resume work on Monday morning on condition that the Dock Directors grant the sixpence per hour asked for (in lieu of 5d. per hour) on the 4th of November next. While too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Cardinal Manning first and foremost for his self-sacrificing labour in the cause of conciliation, and upon the Lord Mayor and Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., for what they did to co-operate with the Cardinal, it should in common fairness be acknowledged that Mr. Lafone has also done not a little to assist the men; and it should be added that Mr. Tillett, Mr. Burns, and Mr. Mann conducted the memorable strike on the whole with wisdom and resolution, and judicious moderation. The thousands upon thousands of pounds subscribed by the public at home and in Australia for the relief of the men and their families will also be remembered as an important factor in this protracted struggle for a little more daily bread on the part of numbers of honest workers.

* * * * *

We have much pleasure in portraying Cardinal Manning, from a photograph taken by the accomplished Oxford-street photographer, Mr. Barraud. His Eminence the Most Rev. Henry Edward Manning, D.D., Archbishop of Westminster, "Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church," Vicar of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Cœlian Hill at Rome, is a pillar of the Roman Catholic Church in England, *in partibus infidelium*, and is, indeed, an eminent divine. He might have been Archbishop of Canterbury if he had remained in the Established Church of England, which he quitted, from conscientious conviction, just thirty-eight years ago. A profound theological and philosophical scholar, an earnest and impressive preacher, a man of wide philanthropy, sympathising deeply with the working classes and the poor, and often engaged in unsectarian efforts of social and moral reform, as quite lately shown on the occasion of the dockers' strike, Cardinal Manning has earned the respect of his countrymen, apart from differences of religious opinion.

* * * * *

Cardinal Manning is now in the eighty-second year of his age, having been born on July 15, 1808, at Totteridge, near Barnet, a son of Mr. William Manning, sometime M.P. for Evesham and for Penrhyn, a London merchant, and Governor of the Bank of England. He was educated at Harrow, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1830, and gained first class honours in classics. He was elected a Fellow of Merton College, took orders, and became one of the Select Preachers to the University. He was never personally associated with the "Tractarian" movement of Pusey, Froude, Newman, and Keble. In 1834 he became a country clergyman, Rector of Lavington and Graffham, in Sussex, and was quietly engaged in pastoral duties till 1840, when he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester. A great Broad Church clergyman, Julius Hare, Archdeacon of Lewes, was delighted with this appointment. He said he had longed anxiously for Manning to be his colleague, counsellor, and helper: "Manning is a truly wise and holy man, zealous, devoted, self-sacrificing, gentle, mild, and loving." It is likely, however, that Manning and Julius Hare did not precisely agree in all their theological opinions. Manning held even then a strong conviction of the unity and continuity of Catholic Church tradition. In 1837 and 1838, however, he wrote upon "The Rule of Faith," extending the arguments of Chillingworth, to prove that Scripture, with the Creed of the first four General Councils, contains all points of necessary belief, and that there is no living infallible judge of doctrine.

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Archdeacon Manning, then, was not among those subtle contrivers of an ecclesiastical revolution who seemed bent on undermining the historical and legal Church of England. As he has written no "Apologia pro Vitâ Meâ," the world does not exactly know by what course of thought or vein of sentiment he was led over to Rome. It was the famous case of "Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter," and the final judicial decision upon it, that occasioned the step which he took, very suddenly, in 1851. He and some others, including Archdeacon Wilberforce, acknowledged the Royal supremacy only as that of the "supreme civil power over all persons and causes in temporal things, and over the temporal accidents of spiritual things." They did not consider that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council ought to determine "spiritual questions touching doctrine or discipline, the custody of which was committed to the Church alone by the law of Christ." The doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which was concerned in the Gorham case, was one of those spiritual questions. Their appeal to the clergy and members of the Church of England, against what they conceived to be a usurpation of authority, met with small response. In consequence of this, Archdeacon Manning, with apparent consistency, threw up his preferments in the Established Church. He rapidly passed, under the auspices of Cardinal Wiseman, through the successive ordinations; and, having arrived at the priesthood, entered the Academia Ecclesiastica in Rome, where he spent three years in study.

* * * * *

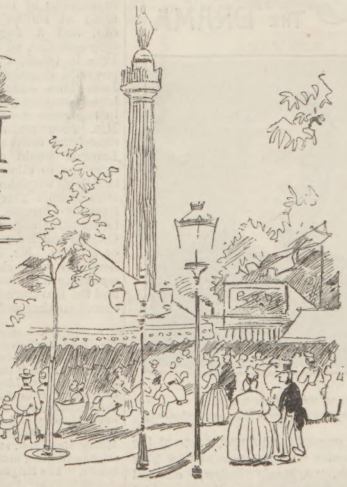
In 1854 he was admitted by the Pope to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He preached at St. Mary's, Oscott, to the Provincial Synod. He founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles, at Bayswater, and held the office of Superior there, preaching often in a church in Westbourne-grove, and sometimes in the Pro-Cathedral in Moorfields. In 1857 he was appointed Provost of Westminster, and Protonotary Apostolic in 1860. Upon the death of Cardinal Wiseman, in 1865, Dr. Manning was consecrated second Archbishop of Westminster. He took an active part in defending the temporal dominion of the Pope, from 1860 to 1866, against the Kingdom of Italy, and two or three years later, in advocating the doctrine of Papal infallibility, attending the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican in December 1869, and writing several pamphlets and pastoral letters. In March 1875 Archbishop Manning was summoned to Rome to be invested with the dignity of Cardinal by Pope Pius IX. He received the hat, the ring, and the crosier, with the customary formalities; took possession of his church on the Cœlian Hill, delivered an Italian address to the monks, and preached in English to a large congregation of his own countrymen, reminding them how the first Archbishop of Canterbury, the first Archbishop of York, and the first Bishops of Rochester and London had been connected with St. Gregory's—the church where prayers are still offered for the conversion of Britain.

* * * * *

Cardinal Manning is author of many controversial and critical essays, and is an occasional contributor to the monthly magazines upon grave and important subjects. He discussed, in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, in 1877, the decrees of the Vatican Council. He is a zealous promoter of total abstinence from intoxicating drink, and has enrolled many thousands of Roman Catholics in London in a League with that object; besides which he has been active, with other religious men, in the crusade against immorality, and in various efforts to benefit the poor of London. He is a member of the Royal Commission on the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes. Were all Christian ministers to work as he does for the amelioration of the sad lot of the lowly, what a far, far happier land we should have to live in!

Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Mudboro', arriving in Paris by the excursion-train, and being allowed forty-eight hours' stay only,

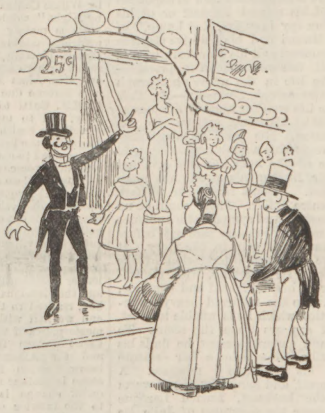
take the first opportunity of embarking for the Exhibition.



Before all there is the Eiffel Tower. Wonder whose picture they have put on the top of it? Boulanger's, likely.

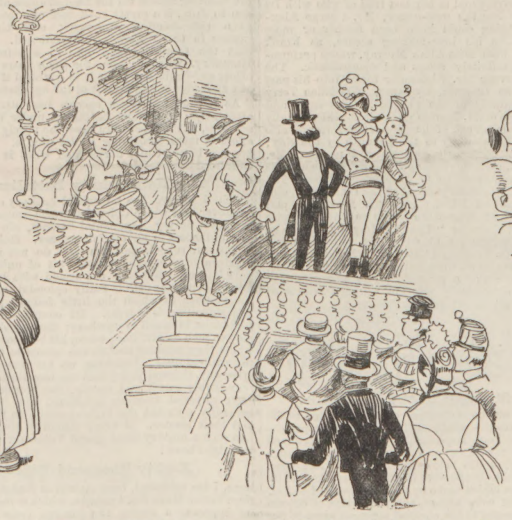
Splendid Picture Gallery! Shows the battle of Sedan, the French fleet conquering the English fleet, &.

The Machine Gallery does not fail to produce a great impression.



A thoroughly nice gentleman is kind enough to explain the different objects of statuary on show.

The Pottery Exhibition proves to be another great attraction.



Who may this great personage be? No doubt the President of the French Republic, who is leaving his palace to visit the Exhibition in State.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones never became aware of the fact that they had enjoyed the several sights offered by a fair, and never put foot in the Exhibition. But its wonders proved ever after a favourite theme of conversation.

MR. AND MRS. JONES'S TRIP TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

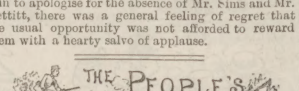
MUSIC & THE DRAMA

MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE.
From the Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

MR. TREE has opened the autumn season at the Haymarket Theatre with a powerful new play from the French, "A Man's Shadow," adapted by Mr. Robert Buchanan from the successful Parisian drama "Roger la Honte." Mr. Tree has furnished yet another proof that he is the bright particular stage chameleon of the period. I have so often dwelt in these columns on the unrivalled versatility of Mr. Tree, and on the rare skill with which he merges his own identity in the gallery of clearly defined characters he has created, that there is no occasion now to expatiate on the merits of his rotund Falstaff or of his shambling Russian spy in "The Red Lamp," of his murderous Macari and his incisive Captain Swift, not to enumerate all his wonderfully real creations. A tall, fair young man in private—he is hit off to the life in the above photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company—Mr. Tree has very early in life won for himself a foremost place in the ranks of histrionic artists. He has a unique reputation. His peculiar talent gave exceptional interest to his assumption on Sept. 12 of the dual rôle of the hero and his criminal "shadow" in Mr. Buchanan's strong new piece at the Haymarket. I don't remember to have ever seen the theatre fuller. There could be no denying the expectant and sympathetic audience had plenty of robust dramatic fare set before them. There was great grip in the story. It opened with the generous intercession of the advocate, Raymond De Noirville, with an implacable creditor of his old friend and comrade, Lucien Laroque, who has incurred heavy monetary responsibilities which he is unable to meet. Laroque himself appears upon the scene. To his amazement and embarrassment, he finds his friend De Noirville has married a fair creature who was once his (Laroque's) mistress. A married man himself, and bound by ties of warm friendship to the husband, Lucien Laroque repulses with horror the overtures of Julie De Noirville, who on his departure determines to write one last amorous appeal to him, baited by the offer of a loan of money. It is while Julie is writing this missive that the vile "shadow" of Laroque—a villanous ne'er-do-weel, named Luversan—glides into the room, on burglarious thoughts intent. Bearing a close resemblance to Laroque, Luversan is mistaken at first by Julie as her quondam lover, and she hands him the letter. This puts him in possession of her secret, on which he forthwith trades. More. It enables him to revenge himself on Laroque for a wrong he conceived he had suffered at his hands during the war, when he was locked up in a barn as a spy and was near being burnt to death. Gaining admittance to Laroque's apartments, Luversan finds a pistol in a drawer, and with this shoots the banker who lives exactly opposite Laroque, leaving the weapon there to throw suspicion on Laroque. This crime is witnessed by Madame Laroque, her little girl, and her maid-servant, each of whom fancies it is Laroque who commits the murder. There is even a stronger situation than this. It is in the trial scene, where Laroque is charged with the murder, and is defended by De Noirville. Laroque's heroic daughter has, to save her father, persisted that she had seen nothing of the crime; and the fainting of the little witness causes the Judge to adjourn the Court. It is in this interval that the diabolical Luversan sends the billet-doux of Madame De Noirville to the barrister, who is overwhelmed when he learns the perfidy of his wife and (as he fancies) of the friend whom he is defending. Mr. Fernandez rouses the enthusiasm of the house by one of the strongest pieces of declamation delivered for some time—the closing passage in which, true to his trust, albeit cut to the heart, he lifts his voice to show that this imagined intrigue accounted for Laroque's possession of the sum of money it was alleged he had stolen from the murdered man. At the height of his noble argument, De Noirville gasps for breath, totters, and falls dead on the floor of the court. Laroque is sentenced to transportation, but returns to France in time to unmask Luversan, and to clear his fair fame as the wretched existence of his vile "shadow" dies out. Admirable on the first night, Mr. Tree's embodiment of the parts of the well-set-up Laroque and the slouching spy and scoundrel Luversan is now more finished still. As Laroque he is the retired French officer to the life. In his impersonation of Luversan there are artistic suggestions of the criminal "masher" Prado, and various dexterous suggestions of the rascally lounger who is at home at Bullier's, an adept at the can-can, and a haunter of the lowest wine-shops—in fine, an irreclaimable "bad lot." Mr. Tree is equalled by Mr. Fernandez in the powerful situation which closes the trial. As Julie Miss Julia Neilson quite distinguished herself, making good the high promise I ventured to recognise she gave in "Brantingham Hall." Mrs. Tree again proved herself to be the thoughtful artist she ever is, but her Henriette Laroque would command heartier sympathy were she to allow her love for her husband to banish all suspicion of him in the murder scene. Miss Minnie Terry was charmingly natural as Suzanne Laroque. Miss Norreys was worthy a better part; and the same may be said of Mr. Collette and Mr. E. M. Robson, the comic couple of soldiers. Mr. Buchanan has, on the whole, done his work skilfully and well; music and mounting are everything that could be desired; and the Haymarket Management has deservedly scored another unmistakable success.

A cordial welcome is in store for Miss Farren and Mr. Fred Leslie at the Gaiety, where they appear to-night in the new burlesque of "Ruy Blas, and the Blasé Roué," music by the accomplished Meyer Lutz, and Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, and Fred Storey as pirouettists in chief. Good Old Gaiety company! Regarnished and brightened, Drury-Lane reopens next Monday night with the new historic drama, "The Royal Oak," by Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Henry Hamilton, strongly cast. Let those who rejoice in jingling music go and hear Offenbach's opéra bouffe, "The Brigands," at the Avenue.

Messrs. A. and S. Gatti had, last Saturday night the satisfaction to see the popular Adelphi Theatre completely crammed by an audience whose attention was engrossed by the exciting new melodrama of "London Day by Day," written by those practised playwrights, Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettit. This is a rousing play, constructed on true Adelphi lines; and the characters are painted in strong colours. See "London Day by Day," and be spellbound as you would be by a powerful story by Wilkie Collins or Miss Braddon. "London Night by Night" would be a fitter title, seeing that the piece is mainly occupied with the more or less nefarious midnight doings of a precious group of rascals, plotting to embitter the lives of the long-suffering hero and heroine, Mr. George Alexander and Miss Alma Murray, and to deprive the latter of a fortune due to her. It is the liberal custom of MM. Gatti to cast their Adelphi pieces powerfully, and to mount them with the best scenery Mr. Bruce Smith and Mr. W. Perkins can paint. Engaging the best available authors and artists, they are enabled to endow each new drama with a vivid realism surpassed at no other house. Thus, in "London Day by Day" we are not only interested in the vicissitudes of fair young Violet Chester, who, wrongfully convicted of having stolen jewellery while she was a governess, is out on ticket-of-leave, and is beloved by gallant, chivalric young Frank Granville, but persecuted by a villanous adventurer, one De Belleville; but we are also amused by the droll humours of pugilistic Cabby Shine and the vulgar Jewish money-lender (excellently enacted by Mr. Lionel Rignold), and the vivacious sallies of Jack, the Cockney street-boy, realised to the life by clever Miss Kate James; and we hail with unfeigned pleasure such brilliant masterpieces of the scene-painter's art as Hampton Court Palace from the river, Leicester-square and the Alhambra by night, and the Pool below London Bridge. The comic police-court scene is another source of delight. A marvellously quick change is effected from Leicester-square to the interior of the apartment where the most tragic incident of the piece takes place—the murder of Miss Mary Rorke by the adventurer who had married and deserted her. Always thoroughly artistic and natural, Miss Rorke was full of power in this arduous scene, both in her interview with Frank Granville and in her last trial of wits with De Belleville. For the new-comer, Mr. George Alexander, nothing could have been freeher or more winsome than his love-making scenes, as Frank Granville, with Miss Alma Murray, whose performance was infinitely sweet and sympathetic. The genuine fervour Mr. Alexander threw into his part won for him deserved applause, Miss Ellen Terry joining cordially in the plaudits. The *verve* and sprightliness of M. Marius as De Belleville, equally with the finished art of handsome Miss Rorke, also contributed materially to the strength of the play; while, as intimated, the quaint Jewish usurer of Mr. L. Rignold, and the racy "go" of Mr. Shine and his piquant sweetheart Dolly (Miss Clara Jecks), Mr. James East's faithful portrait of Lord Kempton, and the free-hearted Irishism of Mr. Beveridge, and genial cheek of Miss Kate James as Jack, likewise combined to render "London Day by Day" so genuine a triumph that when the skilful stage-manager, Mr. William Sidney, came before the curtain to apologise for the absence of Mr. Sims and Mr. Pettitt, there was a general feeling of regret that the usual opportunity was not afforded to reward them with a hearty salvo of applause.



The Strength in the Metropolis.

THE whole of the Volunteer corps belonging to the Home District—which includes the metropolis—having now been inspected, it has been ascertained that 30,880 turned out on the most important parade of the year, or 824 below the number of last year. At the time the corps were inspected each had on its roll numbers which make up a grand total of 35,812, so that 4932 were absent, the proportion of officers and men present to the enrolled strength being 86 per cent. Of those who were absent 4299 had obtained leave, and 633 had not; and though the last item is just 633 too many, the figures show the Home District Volunteers to be in a very healthy condition. When the last Volunteer year closed, on Oct. 31, 1888, there were 35,568 Volunteers enrolled in the district; so that at the present time there are actually 244 more on the roll than there were then. But it is to be feared that some of the 633 absent from inspection this year without leave will resign before the year ends with the 31st of next month; so the prospect is that 1889 will exhibit a general decrease in comparison with 1888. The corps having

The Biggest Muster

at inspection this year was the City of London Artillery Brigade, with 1083 out of 1181, only 13 being absent without leave; and next to this brigade was the Berkshire battalion, 1070 out of 1356, the whole of the 286 absentees having obtained leave. The corps showing the largest number absent without leave was the Oxford University battalion, 74 out of a total enrolled strength of 386, and 84 were absent with leave. This does not look well in a University corps. No corps practises now the old-fashioned farce of pretending to have every man present at inspection; but a few sail very near the wind by returning no men absent without leave, a result to be attained by the simple plan of granting leave to every man who does not turn up. It is a queer practice at best, deceives nobody who knows Volunteers, and should be dropped.

The New Field Batteries

may be regarded as fairly on the way, for the invitations to form them have gone out to the various artillery corps throughout the country; and as all the weapons offered are 16-pounders they are pretty certain to be accepted. The terms offered are the same as those which have previously been approved: a special additional grant of £100 for each four-gun battery to provide hired horses, and the corps to undertake always to maintain three complete detachments ready to man each gun. I have not heard the exact number of guns available for issue now, but it is understood to be sufficient to form a dozen more batteries, bringing up the total of Volunteer Field Batteries—independent of 20- and 40-pounder batteries—to forty-four with 176 guns. If these all be brought up to serviceable condition they will make a tremendous addition to the Field Artillery Service, for the Royal Field Batteries only number eighty, though these mostly have six guns each.

A Cyclist Camp

was to be formed near Chepstow yesterday (Friday), to last till next Wednesday, but unfortunately none of the London or Home District wheelmen are expected to show there. The sections are being furnished by the Gloucester Engineer and Infantry Corps, and the battalions of Hereford, Cardiff, and Swansea. Some of the Welsh corps have been very active in the military cycle cause, as also in the

Mounted Infantry,

who are being invited by the War Office to Aldershot for training with the Regular Regiment of that name, when the work begins on the 24th of next month. Whether the Volunteer mounted men will accept the invitation is quite another matter. The War Office people are never liberal in the arrangements they offer to Volunteers, and in this invitation to the Mounted Infantry niggardliness reaches its supreme point. The men may join at Aldershot for ten days or a fortnight, but they must pay their own expenses and take their own horses. Why does not the W.O. try to raise a regiment of Regular Cavalry on the same terms?

The Championship of Middlesex

has been won by Sergeant Wood, of the Honourable Artillery Company's Light Cavalry, with a total of 273. This total is the result of three shots at 200, 500, and 600 yards, each taken separately on May 29 and 30, when 91 and 90 were made by Wood, and, lastly, at the end of last week, when he got on 92. With this aggregate he takes the County Gold Badge, the Silver going to Corporal Scott, of the London Scottish, who made 269, while for the Bronze there is a tie between Captain Rose and Fulton (the Queen's Prizeman of last year), both of the Queen's Westminster, with 266. Captain Rose came up into this tie with a splendid bound, for in this last shoot he made 99.

The New N.R.A. Secretary

has not yet been appointed, but it is understood that the Council is being offered a pretty wide field of choice. Whether he gets the post or no, there is no better man on the list than Quartermaster Gratwicke of the 4th Devon, whose portrait was given in these columns nearly three months back. The work of carrying through the English Twenty trials throughout the country, from the commencement of the shooting season till the final struggle at Wimbledon in July, is a pretty good test of a man's ability as a rifle-shooting secretary; and Gratwicke's success in this respect is unquestioned. It is said that the Council would like to appoint Colonel Humphry, who has been for some years executive officer at Wimbledon; but it is doubtful if his duties at Cambridge would permit of the appointment.

As a rule, not much success has attended the attempts to form cadet battalions under War Office auspices, but in a few rare cases the purely voluntary effort is more gratifying in its results. I do not know a better cadet corps than what is known in Guildford as

The Holy Trinity Battalion,

which, I believe, has no official military connection whatever, but which Colonel Hercy, Commandant of the West Surrey Regimental District, always takes care to inspect in an official manner. Holy Trinity is a parish school, and the boys do not run above fourteen years of age; the only bit of uniform they have is a cap, and they are armed with broomstick guns. But their drill is really splendid, and to see the manner in which the little fellows go at the flag-signalling is a treat. Of course such results cannot be attained everywhere; they need a schoolmaster such as Mr. Ball, whom his boys love, and for whom they work as well in the school as they do on the drill-ground. Finishing up his inspection the other day, Colonel Hercy told the boys that they were remarkably smart and steady, the marching good, their physical training excellent, and their drill generally reflected the highest credit on themselves and their master. If every school in the kingdom had such a nursery what grand Volunteer battalions we might have!

Eighty Thousand Rifles

have, I am informed, been altered at Enfield to conform to the Mark No. 4 pattern, which is just making its appearance among the London corps; and all these, it is understood, are intended for Volunteer use. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed that it is intended by degrees to rearm the whole of the force, but with Martini-Henrys; so that the prospects of Volunteers getting the Magazine arm is very remote at present. The public are in the illusion of supposing that the Magazine rifle is being turned out in thousands. This is anything but a correct notion; and the succession of hitches in regard to the weapon are very provoking. Indeed, it would not be strange were the War Office to abandon it altogether, and start *de novo* for a new gun.

EYES FRONT.

HOW IT HAS BEEN DONE.

PERHAPS no Medicine ever before received the same instant appreciation as has been accorded to "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS." It may be, probably is, the fact that this gratifying recognition is largely owing to the particular method of introduction adopted—viz., that of trusting alike to the discrimination and honesty of the public at large.

Persons going to buy jewellery, furniture, a coat, or dress, naturally want to see what they are about to buy, or, at the very least, samples or patterns on which to form a judgment. Why, then, we reasoned, should not the public be treated with equal reason and fair play in the matter of medicine, of which samples would clearly indicate the merit?

Then, we asked, ought we to expect the people to pay the cost of distribution (postage, &c.) of our own free samples? The answer made was, No! Rather would not the public confer a favour upon us by testing "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS" at our request? There being but one possible answer to this query, we thereupon decided to pay the postage on the free samples.

On the foregoing simple lines our business has amazingly prospered, and is all the time on the increase. And it is not as if we had spent vast sums of money in advertising "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS," for it is unquestionably true that a modest few hundreds have created a far larger business than as many thousands have done in a number of other instances. And the reason lies plain at hand. The public have written in tens of thousands for our free samples, and have, as we hoped and believed they would do, tested them honestly and intelligently, and found in practice that "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS" were all we claimed them to be.

The beneficent alterative and curative influence of Sulphur on the Blood and Skin has been recognised for centuries both by medical men and the heads of families. The nauseousness of sulphur, as in brimstone and treacle, has, however, hitherto operated to its hindrance as a curative specific, and its medicinal use has for this reason been greatly neglected. In "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS" sulphur is combined with other simple curative and developing ingredients, and thus it is that they have no medicinal equal in the treatment of Blood and Skin Diseases, and in Gout, Rheumatism, and Constipation.

Here, in tablet form, pleasant to the taste and pleasing to the eye, sulphur may be used and administered in its purest and most efficacious form, without any objectionable or hurtful features to its administration whatever. The nauseousness of crude sulphur and the unpleasantness of brimstone and treacle need now be no more than unpleasant memories.

The use of "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS" is clearly indicated in all cases of Eczema, Acne, Psoriasis, Pimples, and Blotches, and in the treatment of all scrofulous, ulcerous, and eruptive complaints, and for all such they are most positively recommended. Their soothing influence in the intolerable parchedness and scurviness of scaly skin complaints, and in the blistering acrid and itching symptoms of eczema, is positive and unmistakable.

And for costiveness in children and as a remedy for the constipation of men and women arising from too sedentary lives, errors of diet, &c., no medicine is so safe, sure, and agreeable as "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS." Children like them and eat them eagerly, and the most conscientious mother may rest assured that they will do no hurt or harm to her little ones whatever.

"FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS" are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d. They may be ordered of chemists, stores, and others, or will be sent, post-free, for 15 stamps.

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alike of the merit, purity, and agreeability of "FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS" will be sent

GRATIS AND POST FREE

to all who write for them, until 250,000 persons have been supplied. Don't call, but send a letter or postcard, and name *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. Address the Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

Boscombe Manor.

A VALUED contributor to *The Penny Illustrated Paper* has been writing, I note, about Bournemouth. Bournemouth is a beautiful place, but to me its chief interests are connected with Shelley. It is only, indeed, through the poet's son that there are any Shelleyan associations in the Hampshire watering-place. The present Baronet, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, went to live at Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth, because he found that his grandfather's residence at Field Place, near Horsham, did not suit his health. There William Godwin and his wife, the famous Mary Wollstonecroft, and their daughter, Mary Shelley, are buried. It was the intention of Sir Percy to erect a monument to his father in the adjoining church, but the vicar, a Mr. Bennett, refused his permission, on account of Shelley's religious opinions, and the splendid memorial had to find refuge at the neighbouring Christchurch Church. A very fine monument it is, and one which no visitor to Bournemouth should fail to see

Sir Percy Shelley.

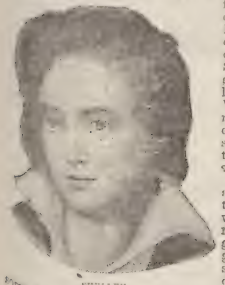
One cannot help feeling a very particular interest in Sir Percy Shelley. On the principle of heredity, indeed, he ought to be a much more gifted man than he actually is. First, there is his father, one of the very greatest of our poets: then his mother, a quite exceptionally clever woman, authoress of "Frankenstein," which will always be read by the curious; and, finally, there are William and Mary Godwin, his grandfather and grandmother, both of whom made no little stir in their day. But all this genius and talent has only succeeded in producing a very excellent country gentleman, with some taste for music and the acted drama, but little for literature, and no sympathy whatever with the democratic aspirations which helped to shipwreck his father's life.

The Shelleys and the Sea.

Sir Percy has, however, inherited very strongly one of his father's tastes. He loves the sea, and is even at the present moment, I think, on a yachting cruise with his accomplished wife. A friend, by-the-way, who knows them both well has expressed himself enthusiastically of Lady Shelley's exceptional charms of manner and mind. One wonders almost that the son should thus dare the elements which consigned his father to a too early grave. The baronet, however, we can well believe, does not share his son's morbid feelings. Once, while with Leigh Hunt's little boy, Shelley was watching paper boats speed across the pond in the Vale of Health, Hampstead, he said to young Thornton, "How much I should like to get into one of those boats and be shipwrecked! It would be a death more to be desired than any other." This death he met, it will be remembered, in 1822, at the age of thirty.

Shelley's Poetry.

To think that at thirty any one man could achieve as much as Shelley did! So surely as Shakspere is the first of our dramatic, and Milton of our epic, poets, so certainly is Shelley the greatest of our lyric poets. Who that has read them ever forgets such lyrics as the "Cloud" and the "Skylark"? In addition to these Shelley wrote "Adonais," the greatest elegiac poem since "Lycidas" and the "Cenci," in some respects the finest tragedy since "Lear," although it lacks the lights and shades which help to render "Lear" the perfection of dramas.



SHELLEY.

Shelley's Personality.

I confess that Shelley is a favourite with me, on many grounds. A great critic has urged that he is the poet of clouds and sunsets, and that his work lacks substantiality. To many of us he is much more than this. We have been cheered and inspirited by Shelley's dreams of a brighter future, and by his hopes for a brotherhood among men. To such aspirations he devoted his life. He might have elected to lead a life of ease and self-indulgence. The somewhat aristocratic circle into which he was born would gladly have honoured him for it. But he thought continuously of the misery of the poor, and, although his schemes for social evils did not always take the wisest form, it may be claimed for him that he was always disinterested and unselfish. Even in his own private life it is quite a mistake to place him in the same category as Lord Byron. Byron was cynical, selfish, impure; but let us hear what De Quincey says of Shelley and no two minds could be more antagonistic. "Shelley," he says, "the sincerest, the most truthful of human creatures. He was also the purest." Robert Browning, also, has spoken of him as "true, simple-hearted, and brave."

Shelleyan Literature.

The most expensive edition of Shelley's complete works is in eight volumes, edited by H. Buxton Forman; but, for all practical purposes, the most satisfactory purchase is the five-volumed edition published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. This contains all the prose and poetry in well-bound three-and-sixpenny volumes, which are sold separately; and should, therefore, only be bought as they are wanted. The Standard "Life of Shelley" is in two volumes, by Professor Dowden—a most complete and satisfactory piece of writing. There is also a small book by Mr. J. A. Symonds in the "English Men of Letters Series," and some dozen other works, which, however, contain little that is of moment.

TATLER.

YES, THE RESTORED will still find Dr. Sherman at his consulting office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where he and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and address yourselves.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper*."]

XV.—MASTER AND SERVANT

(*Continued*).

SHOULD a servant be dismissed on some insufficient ground, and the master afterwards discover a sufficient cause for the dismissal, it is a good defence for the master against the claim of the servant for wages, although the master may not have known of this particular cause of offence at the time the servant was dismissed. If a servant has been

Dismissed for such Misconduct

as entitles the master to dissolve the contract and dismiss him from his service, the servant forfeits unpaid wages (not actually fallen due before the dismissal) in respect of the time he has actually served. Of course, if the contract is put an end to by the customary month's notice, the wages must be paid to the end of the month, and are apportioned up to the end of the notice. If, however, the parties agree to separate during a month, the servant is not entitled to recover wages for the current period unless this is stipulated, as it generally is, if the servant is not very dull. If a master improperly dismisses a servant, or prevents him from continuing in his service, or boots or illtreats him, the master is bound to make compensation by paying the wages due and compensation for injuries, if any. The servant would, in that case, also claim a month's wages in lieu of notice. Against a claim for wages the master could not make or set off a claim for the value of goods lost or broken by the gross negligence of the servant, unless it is so expressly agreed. But counterclaims are now recognised in law courts, and the master could, by taking proper steps, make a counterclaim for such goods, should the servant sue the master for the unpaid wages.

A servant acting in the execution of his master's business renders the

Master Liable for his Acts,

for they are, in contemplation of the law, the acts of the master. This rule may, as many masters know to their cost, be of great importance, as, for example, when considering the responsibility of a master for the act of his servant who has charge of a carriage and horses. The master's responsibility even extends to acts where the servant is wilfully reckless or malicious, provided the act is done by the servant within the scope of his employment. A master has been held liable even where a servant, in defiance of the master's orders, left a cart standing in the street while the servant went away for dinner. Of course in law the master is entitled to claim from his servant any damages he may so pay; but, practically, that is no remedy at all.

A master or mistress sometimes finds that a dismissed servant brings an action for a false character. In these cases the husband, who is the innocent head of the household, may be responsible for a character given by his wife. It is often a great hardship to refuse to give a servant a character; but a master or mistress is not bound to give one at all.

Written Characters are Sometimes Dangerous.

But to protect masters, and enable servants to secure characters, the law says that no damages shall be recovered upon a character, though false in fact and injurious to the servant, provided it was made *bonâ fide* to a person applying, and under such other circumstances as render it a privileged communication. But a false character, maliciously given, properly entitles the servant to compensation. Actions of this sort are brought in the superior courts. Actions as to wages, or other breaches of contracts of service, can, up to fifty pounds, be brought in the County Court. To procure or give a false character in order to secure a situation is a criminal offence. To seduce a servant from his master and retain the servant before his time has expired is, as Blackstone says, an "ungentlemanly act." Strictly, it gives the master a right of action.

In these days servants, good or bad, are plentiful, and such actions are rare. Albeit an infuriated master, even now, sometimes talks of taking action and could, in such cases, sue both the servant and the ungentlemanly new employer, but would generally get very small damages.

LEX.

ANSWERS.

MOUSSER.—The English law does not recognise adoption But if money be settled on the child by your sister the Court of Chancery might enforce the agreement for adoption if for the benefit of the child.

HILTON.—If the agreement be in proper form it can be enforced by order of Court for a sale, or you could require a legal mortgage to be executed by borrower; but this is a case for a solicitor.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—It is hard to find any legal remedy for such conduct except a divorce petition, for the wife seems to give grounds.

INQUIRER.—Too late, as against your creditors, to make a voluntary settlement. See our recent Articles.

X Y Z.—If there be no judgment or deed and no payment on account or written admission of debt within six years, the debtor can escape liability by setting up the Statute of Limitations. Why have creditors slept for twenty years?

LEX.

Servant Girls, Beware!—The employer of a servant-girl, who is nineteen years of age and can neither read nor write, applied to the Magistrate at the West London Police-Court on Saturday. The girl had, he said, purchased a piano on the hire system, paying for it at the rate of 12s. 6d. per month out of her wages, which were £13 a year. When at the seaside with the applicant's family the piano was taken away, though the girl had left a message that she would pay the instalments due on her return. Mr. Curtis-Bennett advised an action in the County Court for the recovery of the £7 paid.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

"A LADY, WRITING ON DRESSMAKING," says: "I can now make my own and children's dresses," thanks to the dressmaking lessons in MRS. LEACH'S "FAMILY DRESSMAKING," which contains lessons, with diagrams and every detail from first step to a finished costume. Price 2d. Also MRS. LEACH'S "CHILDREN'S DRESSMAKER," which contains children's fashions for October, with cut-out pattern, price 1d. May be had of all newsagents, or the two books for six stamps. MRS. LEACH, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.—[ADVT.]

SUNLIGHT SOAP

From the Painting by W. P. FRITH, R.A., Exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, 1889; the property of the Proprietors of "SUNLIGHT SOAP."

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain. Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S Sc C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's-green, W., Dublin, reports:—

February 15, 1888.—I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:—* * * The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HASTINGS.—[Letter I.]

(By Our Holiday Commissioner.)

Many of our modern seaside resorts are so new as only to have been heard of during the last few years. But everyone has heard for a lifetime of Hastings. It is an historic place, and has historic associations all round. At Pevensey, close by,

OUR HOLIDAY ARTIST AT HASTINGS: THE PARADE, LOOKING EAST.

Julius Cæsar landed on the British coast; and seven miles north-west of Hastings, where the town of Battle now stands, the armies of Harold and William the Norman confronted one another on the field of Senlac. Thus Hastings is intimately associated with two of the

Greatest Historic Events

of this island. Hastings itself was probably the site of a Roman station, was a place of importance during the Saxon Heptarchy, and possessed a mint down to the time of William Rufus. In the reign of Richard II. the town was pillaged and burnt. Being one of the Cinque Ports, it was called on to supply twenty-one ships to the service of the Crown. Previous to 1588 the town was merely a bailiwick; but in that year it blossomed out into a Municipal Corporation with a Mayor. It would seem that Hastings exhausted itself early in its career by the famous events above recorded. For centuries its history has been uneventful, and to-day it is only known as

A Pleasure and Health-Resort,

constantly enlarging and justly popular. Hastings is reached by two lines of railway—the South-Eastern and the London, Brighton, and South Coast; the former being the shorter route of the two. Almost as many passengers alight at St. Leonards as at Hastings, for St. Leonards is the fashionable part, and the place extends perhaps more rapidly in that direction than in any other. Indeed, many people now stay in the neighbourhood of West Marina or even of Bexhill, far away from Hastings proper.

Hastings is not a compact place, but straggling and with detached portions which will probably at some time come together. The noise of the builder is heard in the land, for houses are going up rapidly and the town is extending itself nearly every way, and almost threatens to rival Brighton in magnitude. You hear people speaking of Hollington, of Silverhill, of Bohemia: these are all detached fragments of the great whole which is Hastings. The town of Hastings proper is

Very Picturesque.

Grouped together its houses stand, with narrow streets close by the sea under the shadow of the West Hill, nestling between that and the East Hill. If you climb the East Hill and look down on the town you will see lovely old red-tiled roofs, reminding you of some ancient German town. Scarcely a piece of commonplace slate is visible. On the sea-front of the old town is the fish-market, facing the beach, on which are drawn up a number of fishing-vessels. To the east are glorious cliffs stretching away to Ecclesbourne Glen and Fairlight Glen. To the west, modern Hastings and St. Leonards prolong themselves for miles. In front the sea is covered with shipping.

The sea is no doubt beautiful when sparkling in that brilliant sunshine so rare in this rainy island, but, nevertheless, I think the sea best on a quiet, clear, grey day, when there is just a suggestion of dark blue in the sky. I recall

A Walk along the Cliffs

from Hastings to Ecclesbourne Glen on such a day, when the sea looked more lovely than I have ever seen it in Atlantic or Mediterranean. The ground colour was a delicate lavender, while here and there were tints of purple and pale pink ever blending into the prevailing hue; only the gentlest breeze was astir, creating the tiniest wavelets. Nothing so peaceful, so idyllic have I ever seen. Artists may catch some of their best sea-effects from the cliffs at Hastings. But we must return to our muttons, as the Gallic phrase has it, and gaze westward. On the other side of the West Hill is the chief remaining monument of old Hastings—

The Ruins of the Castle,

originally built in Saxon days, and subsequently strengthened by William the Conqueror, whose daughter Adela presided here at the first tournament held in England. The stronghold probably fell into decay about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Within the walls was a Royal chapel, which, having been buried for centuries, was brought to light in 1824. It is associated with the great names of William of Wykeham and Anselm of Canterbury. To the north-east of the Castle, on the other side of the West Hill, are St. Clement's Church and St. Clement's Caves. These caves were formerly used as convenient warehouses by enterprising smugglers.

Now we will suppose you walk from the Castle ruins westward along the short Castle-street. You arrive almost immediately at the Albert Memorial, a Gothic clock-tower from which seven thoroughfares radiate, and which may be regarded as

The Centre of Hastings.

One short street to the south takes you to the beach and the large Queen's Hotel. Another thoroughfare to the north-east is Queen's-road. (Why, by-the-way, do local bodies persist in calling streets and roads "Queen" or "King"? Why not commemorate in this way the great men who adorn the history of England and who will be remembered longest?) In Queen's-road are the post-office, townhall, and cricket-ground. If you wish to prolong your walk this way, you will arrive at the entrance of a beautiful public park, admirably kept and pleasant to lounge in on a fine day. If you make a circuit of the park and the adjacent pleasant roads, you can come out by Hastings station, turn down Havelock-road, and again reach the Albert Memorial. From this central spot runs Robertson-street in a south-westerly direction towards the sea. This is a street of elegant shops. On the right of the street you see Trinity Church, with a fine drinking fountain at its east end. Near by is the most striking building in Hastings,

The Gift of Lord Brassey.

It is five storeys high, is in Early French Gothic, with brickwork for the general face, and Bath stone and deep red brick for the window and entrance dressings. The building contains a reference library, lecture-hall, rooms for the science and art classes, &c. It is as useful as it is ornamental. Turning down Claremont, you will come to the sea at the spot where the Baths have been erected. These splendid baths are the property of a joint-stock company, and cost £60,000. Capital swimming-baths, in which novices may learn to swim in comfort and in safety, are included in the series. You are now on the long and handsome Parade by the sea. Close by the Baths, a little farther west, is

The Pier,

a splendid structure, opened by Earl Granville in 1872. Its total length is 900 ft., and at its head is a fine pavilion, which can seat 1400 people. Here a good band plays daily; and throughout the year vocal and instrumental concerts or theatrical entertainments are given. During one year, from the beginning of November 1887 to the beginning of November 1888, nearly 700,000 visitors passed through the Pier gates, from which you may infer how popular a place Hastings is.

All sea parades have a certain general resemblance, and one need not dwell specially on this of Hastings. There are excellent glass-covered seats at intervals along the Parade, and you might do worse than ensconce yourself comfortably in one of these with the latest novel from Mudie's, in which case your lot is to be envied. If you sit facing the sea, you will occasionally look up to see the numbers of happy children playing on the beach or wading in the shallow water among the rocks and seaweed.

Face the Parade,

and you will see a long line of handsome boarding-houses, hotels, and fashionable shops, from which emerge elderly retired gentlemen, and young ladies, in all manner of bewitching seaside costumes. A long procession of ... carriages generally keeps up a perpetual ... roar, answering to the deeper music of the sea. Three-quarters of a mile from the Baths will take you to Warrior-square, where Hastings ends and St. Leonards begins. This square is very handsome—gardens in the middle, splendid houses all round. Note at the western corner the fine East Sussex Club. Somewhat beyond is the ugly St. Leonards Archway, on passing through which you see on the left a colonnade of shops, with frontage to the north. In one of these houses, now occupied by a butcher, the poet Campbell wrote his "Address to the Sea." Here begins the fine Marina, with a second colonnade of shops to the west, at the end of which is the Victoria Hotel, patronised by royalty. Near to this, back from the sea, is St. Leonards Church, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the coronation day of William IV. Stretching away by the sea the West Marina extends itself for a long distance.

(Concluding Letter next week.

OUR HOLIDAY ARTIST AT HASTINGS: BOUNDARY OF SUPERFINE ST. LEONARDS.

A WIDOW AND HER WEDDING RINGS.

The clergyman of a little village near Maidstone told me last week of a curious incident. One of his parishioners, a wealthy farmer, had wooed and won a fair widow, who twice before had enjoyed matrimonial felicity. But both husbands had died leaving her still young and attractive. The wedding ceremony was taking place at the church where my friend is Curate, and when the time came for the farmer to place the ring on the lady's finger he turned red, hesitated, and seemed reluctant to proceed. The clergyman looked inquiringly, and the lady also appeared surprised, when the man who was about to become her third husband exclaimed, "I bain't goin' to put my ring atop of all them—'tain't lucky." "You wish the lady to remove the two wedding rings she already wears?" said my friend. "Won't marry her if she don't," said the farmer, doggedly. So the widow made an effort to pull off the golden trophies of former conquests, but the task was difficult. Those pretty fingers had grown much more plump than when the rings were placed there, and the assistance of the pew-opener was required to get them off. The widow was beginning to lose her temper also, but at length the offending rings came off suddenly and rolled along the chancel. "Now are you satisfied?" The farmer gallantly put his own ring on the lady's finger without another word, and appeared perfectly contented. I had never heard of a similar incident before, but my friend says that in many parts of England the farmer's superstitious fears are shared by gentlemen who marry widows.

A PERFECT SPA.

Just now there is a rage for mineral waters, and for the medical treatment adopted at the various Spas. Our good Queen is said to be desirous of testing the virtues of the wonderful Scotch Spa, Strathpeffer. But a Spa in the Black Forest, of which I was told by a German neighbour of mine, beats Strathpeffer hollow. This is the German's story, which I venture to think is droll, although the narrator told it without the least sign that he thought it funny. A wealthy Englishman had been advised a few years ago to try one of the German Spas, and, travelling through the Black Forest on his way to the spot named by his friend, the vehicle broke down at a little village, and the traveller was compelled to remain for the night at the inn. Mine host could speak a little English, and, hearing what the gentleman required, informed him that he need go no further in quest of health. "Our village of Luizbad, mein Herr, has cured thousands." The inn was comfortable, trout from a mountain stream, with tender cutlets and some fruit tarts, supplied the guest with an excellent supper, and the air had given him an appetite. He resolved to try this wonderful Spa. Great was the commotion in the village about "his Lordship," and the next day he found a profuse supply of the curative waters both for drinking and bathing. Mine host was a sportsman too, and many a jovial day they spent in the forest and on the hills. The delighted Englishman at the end of a month took his departure, escorted by half the inhabitants showering guttural blessings on his head. He had never felt better in his life, and would have stayed longer but that some legal business called him to London. Meeting his doctor, the *malade imaginaire* told him where he had been. "My dear Sir," said the doctor, "that Spa has been drained up these thirty years." At first the patient was staggered, but soon broke into hearty laughter. "No matter, doctor, I call it a perfect Spa, for I never felt so well in my life."

THE PROMPTER.

The Bremen Arctic Expedition.—The German scientists Kukenthal and Walter, who were shipwrecked last spring in the Bertina, have arrived at Tromsö in the Cecilie Malene.

The Brain and Nervous System.—In order to prevent or cure the many distressing ailments resulting from overwork, worry, &c., everybody should wear one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. Sufferers declare that they positively "act like magic." Pamphlet and copies of testimonials free. Sufferers should call and avail themselves of a free consultation at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). These Belts are guaranteed genuine.—[Advt.]

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD

HAMBURG.—[Letter I.]

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Germany's Greatest Commercial Port,

and, as the largest of the three free Hanseatic towns, had its origin, no doubt, many centuries ago. Its very position on the river Elbe must have made it a commercial centre in the earliest times. But the historical student will find no data of its existence prior to 804, when Charlemagne established the Hammaburg (Wood Fortress) at a point where two tributaries of the Elbe—the Alster and the Bille—meet. Hammaburg eventually became the present

City of Hamburg,

and its establishment as an independent community dates from May 7, 1189. However rich in historic events—the city played an important part for many centuries—I must leave their retail to historians. My task must be confined to a sketch of its present social and commercial aspect.

The Population

of Hamburg, its suburbs and dependencies (some of which latter—namely, Cuxhaven and Ritzebüttel—are situated at the mouth of the Elbe, and about sixty miles from the city) may be computed at 567,222 souls. It is estimated that the yearly increase in the population is in round numbers 16,000.

The City's Aspect.

The main arteries, such as the Steinweg, Neuer Wall, Burstah, &c., are always full of life and bustle, while the by-streets are quiet. Hamburg's general appearance is of surpassing beauty. I hardly know of any visitor who did not admire the place; not so much, perhaps, on account of its public buildings, although some of the modern ones are very fine, but on account of

VIEW OF HAMBURG.

its natural surroundings. The quaint style of its earlier houses, similar to those invariably met with in the Netherlands, has almost entirely disappeared.

The terrible conflagration of May 5 to 8, 1842, by which a fourth part of the city—1749 houses—was totally destroyed, removed many of the ancient narrow streets with their old buildings. Hamburg rose, however, like a phœnix, from its ashes. The narrow streets which fell a prey to the flames were replaced by broad ones; the old houses, with their strong oaken beams and joists, by magnificent fire-proof edifices of neat modern structure. Gradually all the old streets are being levelled to the ground. Improvements are constantly progressing, and as Hamburg had to prepare for its incorporation with the German Zollverein (Customs Union), consummated last year, the necessity of erecting spacious docks and bonded warehouses has tended more and more to complete an entire transformation of the city.

The Altstadt (Old Town) has but few of its old streets left; the Neustadt (New Town), however, is still almost what it was before the great fire. It is here also the process of street-improving is gradually going on, and in course of time there will hardly remain a trace of the ancient place.

The Expansion of Hamburg

is enormous. The suburbs of St. Pauli and St. George are now really integral parts of the town, which is extending west, north, and east in all directions. Street after street, with palatial residences, is taking up the rural surroundings, encompassing more and more the many lovely villas, with beautiful gardens at the back and front, which Hamburg's environs can boast.

To the south, of course, the river Elbe sets a limit to this expansion; but some islands, like Steinwarder, lying opposite the harbour, were soon followed up with the erection of wharves, docks, shipbuilding yards, and factories.

To the west, the town of Altona long since put a stop to any enlargement. The houses of the suburb of St. Pauli go as far as that place, and Altona is, in some parts, only divided by a ditch from Hamburg territory. In other parts there is not even that line of demarcation. Yet in the north-west and east there is still much room, although here also there are limits, if the territory of the neighbouring German countries is not to be encroached upon.

Hamburg's Independence

as a free city was nearly gone in 1866. But at the eleventh hour the Senate wisely decided upon going with Prussia against Austria. The city, therefore, retained most of its privileges, its Army and Post Office merely being placed under Prussia's control. For all local purposes, however, Hamburg is possessed of Home Rule. It is ruled by a Bürgerschaft (Chamber of Burghers) of 160 members, half of whom are elected by the people by ballot. The remaining half consists of forty proprietors, chosen by the landed proprietors of the city, and of forty former and actual members of the tribunals and various administrations. The executive powers are vested in a Senate of eighteen members, who annually choose by ballot a First and Second Burgomaster—namely, President and Vice-President of the Republic.

Free trade was the boast of Hamburg, and it long contended for its retention; but it had to yield on that point, and now all goods entering Hamburg from foreign countries are subject to the German Customs duties.

One View of the City

is given in the accompanying Illustration. It presents a charming panorama, viewed from some prominent point on the outer Alster. But one of the finest sights, next to the two Alster basins, is that of the harbour with its shipping. Hamburg owns about 525 vessels, of an average tonnage of about 460,000 tons. In 1886 the entrances were 6553 ships, with a tonnage of 3,734,997 tons, the clearances 6609 vessels, with a tonnage of 3,763,964 tons, and now from 7000 to 8000 vessels annually come and go. Vessels of deep draught can reach Hamburg at high tides, and some of the docks can receive large Transatlantic liners.

The shipping formerly anchored mid-stream, off the harbour, after landing passengers at the landing-stage opposite the Stintfang, also called Elbhöhe. From this hill a glorious view is obtained of the harbour and the Elbe, which a little below that point, where it divides into two arms, is about five miles broad.

The Stintfang is the uttermost point of the former fortifications, which were raised after 1815, and the walls were then converted into lovely promenades. They are promenades still, and run from the harbour in a northerly direction along the western part of the city, extending as far as the new docks to the south-east of the town. These promenades are beautifully laid out and planted with trees. They underwent some alterations within recent years, but they justly remain favourites with the people. The walks are most varied up and down hill, at the base of which is the moat. Here and there along these embankments some beautiful public edifice has been erected—for example, the new Criminal Courts of Justice, the new General Post-Office—and the walks have also many a fine monument.

The Esplanade,

a street similar to the Under den Linden of Berlin, with the exception that it is much shorter and has private dwelling-houses instead of shops, makes a break in these promenades at the Dammthor (Damm-gate). At the farther end of the Esplanade is a magnificent monument in memory of the Hamburgers who fell in the Franco-German War of 1870-71, with the inscription "Den Tapferen Söhnen: Die Dankbare Vaterstadt, 1870-1871" (To the brave sons: the grateful native town, 1870-1871). Immediately you emerge from this Esplanade you have the continuation of the promenade, and get a view of the Inner Alster (a large quadrilateral basin), to your right, and of the Outer Alster, to your left, and you get an excellent view of either on crossing the

Lombard Bridge,

the one you see in the Illustration above referred to. Looking from that bridge towards the town, with its five immense church-towers, you have on your right the lovely promenade of the Neue Jungfernstieg, and facing you the Alte Jungfernstieg; while the row of houses to the left of the basin is the Alsterdamm. They all have palatial residences; the Alte Jungfernstieg mostly grand hotels and some splendid shops.

HAMBURG: THE KAISER QUAY.

I have seen many cities, but nowhere have I found anything to compare in its peculiar beauty with this really grand view of the Alster and its surroundings.

The New Docks

now form another of the sights of the city. There are about ten of them, among them the Kaiser Quay, where among others the English steamers land and ship goods and passengers. All the docks are connected directly by rail with the principal railway stations. The docks are open ones—namely, without locks. Six million pounds sterling were spent upon these docks, the construction of which took nine years. Of the six millions the German Empire contributed two millions: the rest was paid by Hamburg. The Tower on the Kaiser Quay has a "time-ball," which descends at noon, Greenwich time, and enables captains to regulate their chronometers. Noon Greenwich time means 12 o'clock and 39 minutes 54 seconds Hamburg time.

But to judge of these grand harbours—for these quays are harbours, one of them being a harbour for sailing vessels 1400 mètres long and close upon 300 mètres wide, where the immense sailing vessels lie moored in six long rows—description is almost inadequate: it must be seen.

So must the colossal crane, 30 mètres high, which by means of steam-power lifts burdens of about 300,000 lb. German weight (320,000 lb. English).

The immense warehouses which flank the quays are beautiful buildings, six storeys high: and we return now to the old style of gable houses. They are all supplied with the electric light (incandescent lamps), and many parts of the city are about to be lighted by electricity.

The new Elb-brücke, close to the docks, is a magnificent structure. Its length is 400 mètres.

Hamburg's Shipping Figures, 1888.

Entrances from sea 7524 vessels, tonnage 4,355,511 tons, value of imports by sea £55,700 000.

Arrivals of smaller craft from the Upper Elbe, 10,812 vessels.

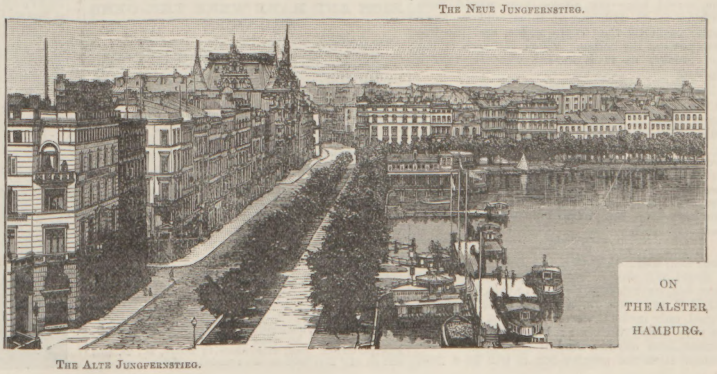
The exports by sea reached the value of £51,050,000.

(To be continued.)

HAVING "A GOOD TIME."

THE gentleman's yacht which has for some days been missing from Falmouth Harbour, having mysteriously disappeared during the absence of the crew, was discovered in Camaes Bay, about sixteen miles from Holyhead. She was observed, on the fog lifting, by the coastguard, and was at once boarded and taken charge of. Her single occupant was a young man about eighteen years old, who appears to have taken the vessel out of the harbour and sailed her alone, partaking extensively of the refreshments on board, and occasionally taking his watch below. He was apprehended, and lodged in Llanfechell police-station waiting the arrival of an escort.

"A NEW POISON."—Sherbet coloured pink with red aniline dye is a new and dangerous poison. Caution.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT (a simple and natural saline) is always useful, and can never do any harm. The value of Eno's Fruit Salt cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked Eno's Fruit Salt: without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.—[ADVT.]



THE NEUE JUNGFERNSTIEG.

THE ALTE JUNGFERNSTIEG.

ON THE ALSTER HAMBURG.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A FRIENDLY CORRESPONDENT writes to me from Cornwall to say she has tried the

Florador Food,

and finds it "really very good; the fine-grained made into blanc mange and eaten with cream and jam is not to be despised in the summer; but in winter," she thinks, the larger kind would be "more warming." How nice to be able to talk about "cream" in that off-hand manner! But, of course, in Devon and Cornwall,

Clotted Cream

is very abundant. I am much obliged to the same correspondent for telling me that my remarks upon dress have been a help to her. A book was sent to me lately in which I was interested to find my own ideas (given to you a few weeks ago) upon the advisability of allowing girls, as they grow up, to have some household duties to perform, and money to spend on their own account in order to teach them how to

Manage

it properly. Says the author of this book: "On the right use of money depends, in a large measure, the happiness of ourselves and of those belonging to us. On the other hand, she who has not learned to be a good money-changer will be almost certain to suffer herself, and cause others to suffer, from some of the many miseries that spring from the mismanagement of money. Of these none is worse than the misery of

Being in Debt.

You remember Mr. Micawber's dictum [or wasn't it the renowned Dick Swiveller?] in 'David Copperfield': 'Annual income, twenty pounds: annual expenditure, nineteen six: result—Happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds: annual expenditure, twenty pounds nought and six: result—Misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in short, you are for ever floored.'"

I promised last week to say something about

Cosmetics.

It seems rather strange that a word which stands for any preparation or mixture used by women for the so-called improvement of their complexions should come from the grand Greek word "Kosmos." Look in your dictionaries and see if it is not so. Paint and powder are not cosmetics, and the habit of using washes and unguents upon the skin, by way of increasing the attractions bestowed by Nature, has come down to us from very early times. In other words,

Folly and Vanity

are hereditary. Among the ancient Greeks oils and pigments were very extensively used, and not by the fair sex only. In the early days of the Roman Republic neither married nor unmarried women used paint or cosmetic, but the practice soon spread from Greece, and during the Empire cosmetics of all kinds were lavishly used. In the days of our own Queen Elizabeth paint and pigment were in great request. During

PERILS OF OUR BRAVE COLLIERS: MAURICEWOOD COAL-PIT, MIDLOTHIAN, SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS FIRE ON SEPT. 5.

the Commonwealth they naturally disappeared, but returned with Charles II.; and during the

Georgian Era

they were so generally used that in the year 1770 the following astounding measure was brought before Parliament, but did not become law. I must quote it in full: "That all women who impose upon or betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects by the use of cosmetics, powders, paints, washes, scents, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled boots, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand

Null and Void."

Just imagine what would happen if such a law were on the Statute-book now that women are so absolutely artificial! They lace tightly, they wear dress-improvers, they wobble about on high heels, smudge their eyes with kohl, and powder so thickly that it could be scraped off with a spoon. The cosmetics which are in most common use at present are sold under the harmless and innocent name of

Milks;

but I am sorry to say they resemble that primitive form of nourishment in colour only. For instance, Milk of Roses (what a delicious and romantic name!) is, I learn from an "expert," made up of soap, rose-water, attar of roses, white wax, spermaceti, blanched almonds, and alcohol. Of this "milk of roses"

Absolute Alcohol

forms a fifth part—equal to two-fifths of strong brandy or whisky. In milk of cucumbers the juice of the cucumber is substituted for rose-water. Of thick cosmetics the least harmful is decidedly cold cream. If vaseline agrees with the skin, it is about the best of all when applied to the face before drying; but it does not suit all skins. If there is smarting or any irritation felt after using it, do not try it again. If washes, creams, and pastes are used at all, make sure that the ingredients of which they are composed are

Pure and Good.

Owing to the difference in price, methylated spirit is sometimes used in the various "milks" before mentioned instead of pure alcohol, and some cheap and very inferior oil of almonds. If you would take my advice you would have nothing to do with any of them. There is no better cosmetic than tepid water, and the less soap you use the better. When the face is hot and greasy, as it is in hot weather, take a piece of

Tissue Paper

such as that in which hats and bonnets are sent home from the shops; if it is rumpled up and unstiffened, so much the better. Take a piece of it, not strained tightly or it will go into holes, over your first and second fingers, and rub your face well over, going into all the corners and crevices. One piece of paper will not be enough: you will probably use up two or three before you have done, but you will be surprised to see how very much

Nicer

your skin will look than if you had powdered it. I could tell you of an excellent wash for the face, but, as it does not suit all skins, I refrain; for if it were used on a rough, irritable skin it would only make it worse, and then you would be very angry with me; but the tissue paper cannot hurt anyone, and if it keeps even one woman from the powder-box it will be a good thing. Next week I may have something to say about these face powders.

I am sorry to hear a confirmation of the rumour that our

Gowns are to be Made Long

this winter. Having already alluded to the inconvenience of this fashion for women who are obliged to go about on foot, or to get in and out of omnibuses in town, I may remark that it would be a very good thing if there were distinct fashions for the rich, for the working class, and for the class between those two. I have already given my opinion that the only way in which women who are neither very rich nor very poor can afford even to keep that

Capricious Dame Fashion

in view is by having a special gown for street wear, made short enough to prevent it from dabbing against her boots when she walks in the mud. I do not think it would be a bad plan if I were to give you, at the beginning of each month, a short list of the foods and vegetables that are in season. As

September

is already half over I need not specially particularise meats or fishes. Game, unfortunately, is generally beyond the reach of the housekeeping purse, but any of you who are lucky enough to have "wild birds" sent from the country are, I hope, sufficiently well instructed to know that in trussing game it is quite wrong to leave the head on, except in the case of snipe and woodcock. I must confess it makes me

Very Cross

when I see grouse, partridge, or pheasant come to table with their heads on; and it makes me equally angry when an ignorant cook serves snipe and woodcock in gravy. Unless the housekeeping purse before mentioned is very elastic, you will find a hare, if one is sent to you, rather a

White Elephant,

for it is not eatable unless it is basted with milk, and it will take about a quart. "Jugged hare" is very good, but it requires a very good cook to make it properly. Vegetables in season this month are French beans, vegetable marrow, tomatoes, lettuce, cauliflowers, and artichokes. Mushrooms are also in, but they are too great a luxury for the family table.—MARGUERITE.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

THE fondness of the Americans for diamonds is notorious, and it is often carried into an extravagance closely associated with vulgarity and bad taste. But the latest caprice in the wearing of gems is altogether astounding. Ladies at the seaside now adorn their bathing costumes with the costly baubles, and take care that they are not carried off by the waves by keeping clear of the breakers. In order to exhibit jewels they thus deny themselves the luxury of the health-giving dip. This craze was initiated by one young woman who thought her diamonds might be stolen if left in her bathing-house. Others of the fair sex, who are nothing if not imitative, determined not to be outshone in the display of glittering adornments. The fashion would soon become too ludicrous to last if male bathers wore their huge shirt-studs and rings and their enormous watch-chains.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

A MISSIONARY BORN.

AN extraordinary affair has occurred at Maryport. A few days ago the wife of a labourer in the town gave birth to a son. When the child was born it was found that its head was covered with a veil or caul. The veil was placed on one side, and no notice was taken of it until some hours after the child's birth. When examined, however, it was found that the words "British and Foreign Bible Society" were deeply impressed upon the veil. When this discovery was made the greatest excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood, some of the women declaring that nothing short of a miracle had been enacted. The doctor, who inquired into the matter, however, soon explained the affair. The veil, while in a pliable condition, had been placed upon a Bible, on the cover of which the words "British and Foreign Bible Society" were deeply indented. The words were in this way transferred to the veil; but some of the inhabitants still ascribe the affair to supernatural influence, and declare that the child is a "missionary born."

A YARN FROM THE FAR WEST.

VIGILANTES—"We regret to inform you, Madam, that we have just lynched your husband by mistake. We intended to hang Bill Badeye."

Wife of the deceased—"Is this Bill married?"

Vigilantes—"No, supposed to be single."

Wife of deceased—"Well, I expect I'd better take him, then. I need somebody to turn the mangle."

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

MIDLOTHIAN COLLIERY CATASTROPHE.

THERE is no class of Britain's busy bees more deserving of our admiration than the gallant miners who, carrying their lives in their hands, daily imperil themselves in their gloomy work of hewing out coal from the bowels of the earth. We earnestly trust the Government will exert themselves effectively to insure the safety of our self-sacrificing fellow-countrymen. It was at Penicuik, in Midlothian, ten or twelve miles south of Edinburgh, on Thursday, Sept. 5, that about seventy lives were lost by a fire in the Mauricewood Pit, the property of the Shotts Iron Company. Its principal product is ironstone, but coal also is produced. Formerly a large number of miners were employed in the pit, but the number has been reduced.

The pit has a perpendicular shaft of eighty fathoms, after which comes an incline of about 160 fathoms, with a gradient of about eighty in a hundred. The seat of the fire was supposed to be on the incline, from the fact that an outbreak of fire took place three years ago through the wood lining of the incline becoming ignited. On the last occasion no lives were lost; but the results of this disaster were terrible. It seems the mine had only one shaft leading from the lower level, so that the men had no means of escaping, and were virtually entombed, it being too late for them to rush through the fire which burned on the steep incline leading from the lower level to the bottom of the shaft. A relief party was set to work day and night, but the fire and smoke continued, and the sides of the pit fell in so as to retard the efforts of the workers.

As the bodies one by one were brought to the top there were heartrending scenes. At Shottstown, the principal abode of the victims, were young widows, bereaved parents, and fatherless children, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the carts with their ghastly burdens. On the road, at the cottages, groups of women and children stood, some anxiously discussing the situation, others pacing to and fro in grief, but on the arrival of bodies at their respective homes the spectacle was saddest. Many influential persons from the surrounding districts, and some of the Magistrates and Councillors of Edinburgh, visited the scene. The Chief Constable of Midlothian and the Procurator Fiscal also went out to make a preliminary investigation, and an official inquiry has been commenced by the Inspector of Mines. The Queen sent a message expressing her sympathy and compassion.

A KITTEN AS TOBACCONIST'S MESSENGER.

A RECENT issue of the *Buffalo Express* publishes a story of a small grey kitten belonging to one of the police-stations of the City. Three prisoners were brought in one night and locked up. Two of them were women, and one was a man. The cell-room is a large apartment, the iron pens placed in the centre, with openings facing the four walls. The women were on one side and the man on the other. Soon after they had been locked up the women tried to relieve their feelings by preparing to smoke cigarettes, but they had no matches. The man, on the other hand, had matches, but no tobacco. While debating what to do, the kitten came into the women's apartment, and a warm friendship immediately sprang up between them. Then came the idea of turning their new-found friend to some practical use. The women took some tobacco, and, tying it in a small bundle, fastened it to the kitten's neck, and the man on the other side called the little animal, which immediately ran to him with its burden, which was removed, and some of his matches were placed about its neck, and a call from the women brought it back to them.

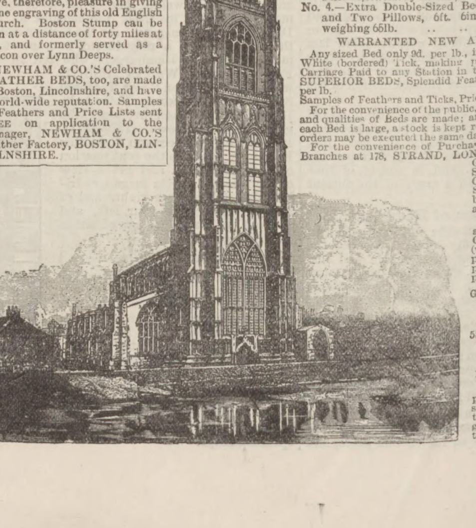
NEWHAM'S CELEBRATED LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS

DIRECT FROM BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE. *Carriage Free at less than Wholesale Prices.*

AN OLD BEACON TOWER.

BOSTON, Lincolnshire, is known far and wide as the parent of Boston, America, but very few who have heard of its fame have seen the massive proportions of its Parish Church. We have, therefore, pleasure in giving a fine engraving of this old English Church. Boston Stump can be seen at a distance of forty miles at sea, and formerly served as a beacon over Lynn Deeps.

NEWHAM & CO.'S Celebrated FEATHER BEDS, too, are made at Boston, Lincolnshire, and have a world-wide reputation. Samples of Feathers and Price Lists sent FREE on application to the Manager, NEWHAM & CO.'S Feather Factory, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.



Messrs. G. T. NEWHAM & CO. are now offering their celebrated FEATHER BEDS at the following greatly reduced prices:—

No. 1.—Single Bed, Bolster, and Pillow, 6ft. 3in. by 3ft. 6in., weighing 40lb. .. 30s. 0d.

No. 2.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weighing 50lb. 37s. 0d.

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No. 4.—Extra Double-Sized Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 5ft., weighing 65lb. .. .. .. 48s. 0d.

WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers in White (bordered) Tick, making packing, wrapper, and Carriage Paid to any Station in the United Kingdom. SUPERIOR BEDS, Splendid Feathers, Linen Tick, 1s. per lb.

Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., post free.

For the convenience of the public, several sizes, weights, and qualities of Beds are made; and as the demand for each Bed is large, a stock is kept ready made, so that all orders may be executed the same day as received.

For the convenience of Purchasers, we have opened Branches at 178, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., and 55, GREAT ANCOATS STREET, MANCHESTER, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally, or by letter.

All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to

G. T. NEWHAM & CO. Boston, Lincolnshire.

THOMAS DOWNES, 55, Great Ancoats Street, Manchester; or

THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London.

Feathers only 9d. per lb. The Trade supplied. Please mention this paper. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

MOST of the summer-flowering occupants of what our forefathers used to call the "pleasaunce" (a much more correct and expressive word, by-the-way, than our somewhat inelegant "flower-garden") are now decidedly past their best; but as long as this delightful weather continues it would be a pity to disturb them, and the most should be made of the late bloom by extra care being bestowed upon the maintenance of a neat appearance in every particular. The amateur or professional gardener frequently finds him- (or her-) self in a dilemma at this season as to what course to pursue with regard to a pet bed of

Geraniums

(no, gentle reader: pelargoniums, *please*). Cuttings are wanted for next season's display; but to take them would quite spoil the beauty of the bed, which, if the weather remains fine, and with a little care, may continue gay for another month. What is to be done? Well, the best way out of a difficulty of this kind is to have a

Reserve Garden

well stocked with everything of which increase is wanted. This may be made in the kitchen garden, or in any odd corner; and here not only may one go and chop away for cuttings to one's heart's content, but gather many a charming bouquet throughout the summer without robbing the regulation flower-beds in the least. This year I took most of my

Cuttings

early, and just stuck them in a bed of good light sandy soil in the open air, at about four inches apart. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have rooted and made good plants, and are now fit to be lifted and placed in small pots, and this without any care or trouble, except pulling out a few weeds now and then. All such cuttings should, however, have been taken by this time; while the old stumps from which they were cut must be carefully lifted, potted, and placed in the greenhouse before they are injured by frost. Any choice heliotropes, fuchsias, lemon-scented verbenas, or the like, that it is desired to preserve to another year should be carefully taken up, placed in well-drained pots, and brought indoors while they are still healthy and growing.

Chrysanthemums

that have been grown in pots through the summer had also better be removed under cover, for a very slight night frost will so injure the still young and tender buds that, though they may not show it next day, they will never expand properly, if at all. The best place in which to flower these plants is a light, roomy, and well-ventilated greenhouse, with just enough hot-water pipes round it to dry up damp and exclude frost. The foliage of the plants should be quite dry when they are housed, and the ventilators both at the top and sides be kept open as much as possible subsequently; for these plants dislike a close atmosphere, and the glass roof alone will ward off several degrees of frost. Keep the soil moist, and give a dose of liquid manure or soot-water twice a week. If large flowers are wanted

Thinning the Buds

must be resorted to, as every plant, if healthy, will form many more than it can bring to perfection. If one only is left on each shoot the blossoms will be very fine, but, if for cutting, from three to six or seven may remain, and will afford a much greater quantity of material. Most kinds of

Evergreen Shrubs

may now be readily propagated by means of cuttings. Among the most generally useful of these may be mentioned euonymus, aucubas, privet, laurels, sweet bay, and many kinds of coniferous plants. Make the cuttings from four to six inches long, trimming off one or two of the lower leaves, insert them firmly in sandy soil, and cover with a frame or handlights.

Roses

may also be rooted in the same manner, and for floriferousness and general utility there is nothing to equal roses of most kinds when thus grown on their own roots. Strong shoots that are about half-matured should be chosen. Rejecting both the soft tops and the hard bases, the remainder should be cut into lengths of 8 in. or 10 in., with not less than three or four joints apiece. Trim off the lower leaves, and insert them firmly and rather thickly in rows in a bed of sandy loam, in a frame, which must be kept rather close and lightly shaded from hot sunshine for a time. Towards the end of next month rose-cuttings may be inserted in the open ground, in exactly the same manner, with perfect success.

Vegetable Garden.

The sooner potatoes, even the latest, are out of the ground, sorted, and stored away for the winter, now, the better, particularly if the disease has put in an appearance, either on the haulm or among the tubers. As a rule the potato crop is one of the heaviest and best on record, though the disease has appeared in Cheshire (a great potato-growing county) in a very severe manner. I have been trying a number of varieties of

American Tomatoes

this season, but out of some ten or a dozen there are only one or two that I should care to grow again. The best is a very fine variety called Cardinal, the fruit of which is of moderate size, quite round and smooth, of a rich cardinal-red colour when ripe, very firm, solid, and sweet, and the flesh itself nearly as red as the skin. Unfortunately the habit is not good, neither does it set as well as some others. The best setting variety we have is Horsford's Prelude; this bears an enormous crop of small round fruit of a sweeter flavour than any other kind I know of.

Fruit Garden.

The planting season is now close at hand, so that if anything is to be done in this way the ground should be prepared and the trees ordered without delay. The earlier in October all sorts of fruit-trees are planted the better will they succeed, as a rule. This is also a good time for

Lifting or Pruning

the roots of any trees that are making too much growth and do not fruit with sufficient freedom. But I must leave the further consideration of this matter until next week. B. C. R.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.

Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

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THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
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"MARAVILLA" COCOA.
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A SOLUBLE COCOA,
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
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Supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 20, High-street, Borough, S.E. Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station; and all orders to the amount of £1, carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town by our own vans daily. Five per cent discount allowed off all goods sold and delivered at the counter when amounting to 10s. and upwards.

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AFTER USE. AFTER USE.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR. NEVER FAILS. 1s. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 3d. P.O. preferred. T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.
Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios: it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

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Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

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WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?
SPLENDID CATALOGUE, with reply; also, "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH." 1000 Engravings; also remarkable testimonials sent gratis and post-free. Distinctly lowest prices in the trade. Specialité, RELIABLE WATCHES, prices from 7s. 9d. to 200 guineas. BEST SELECTION IN THE WORLD. The RELIANCE LEVER, 50s.; the CHRONOMETER LEVER, 63s.; the TEMPOMETER, 70s.; the DEMI-CHRONOMETER, 105s., are four of the best Watches ever made in any country.

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A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

"KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d. Not a small clock, nor a toy; but our own spécialité, a Genuine Watch, with jewelled movement, nickelled cases, and warranted serviceable for years. Lady's size, 8s. 6d. Gent's Keyless, 9s. 6d. Keyless Lever, matchless timekeeper, 25s. Cheapest real Watches ever made. Every one guaranteed.

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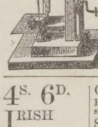
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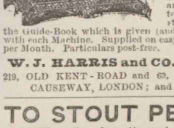
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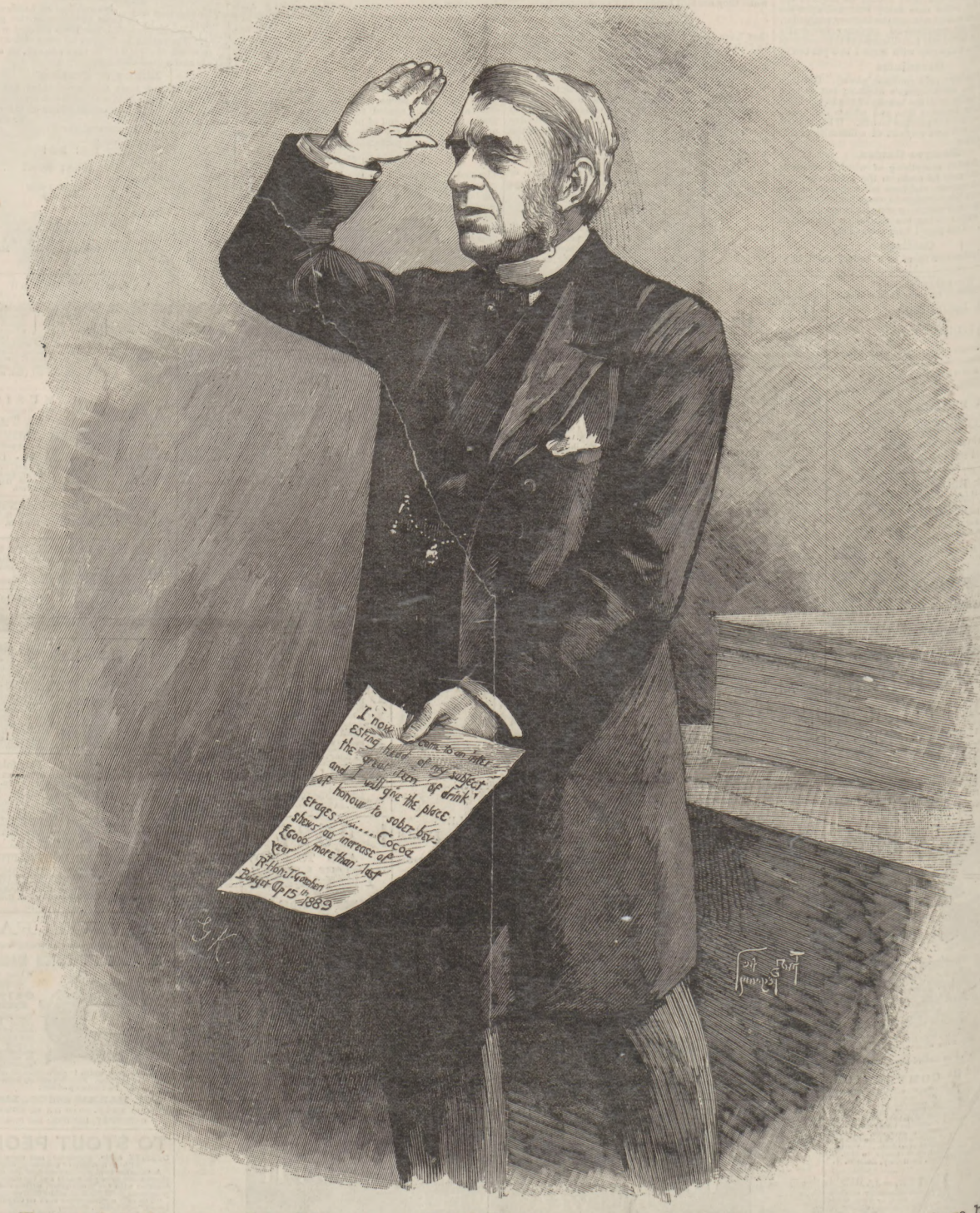

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